

# The Messenger

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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## THE MESSENGER.

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### Poetry.

#### GOD LIVETH STILL.

God liveth still!

Wherefore, O my soul, fear ill!  
God is good, and from compassion  
Helps the friendless and distressed;  
His strong arm has wrought salvation,  
And turns all things to the best.  
God brings good from tribulation,  
Far beyond our expectation.  
Ponder this, and fear no ill;  
God is good and liveth still.

God liveth still!

Wherefore, O my soul, fear ill?  
Is thy cross a heavy burden?  
Go to God with thy complaint,  
He is great and rich in pardon,  
And lifts up the weak and faint.  
God's grace doth endure forever,  
And His faithfulness fails never.  
Ponder this and fear no ill;  
God is good and liveth still.

Pres. Weekly.

### Theology and Criticism.

For the Messenger.

#### WHAT IS MATTER?

There is an old couplet which runs as follows:

"What is matter?  
Never mind.  
What is mind?  
'Tis no matter."

That, according to Kant, embodies about all that man can know on these subjects. According to that great philosopher we cannot know the substance of anything (*dasein in-sich-selbst*), but only phenomena or operations. We do not assent to this view, and yet so far as matter is concerned we may be prepared perhaps to give it a qualified assent. On the hypothesis that matter is something substantial (in the philosophic sense of that term), it is a fact that all the investigation and research of man have failed to ascertain what it is. It is made up of parts, and yet when investigation into the parts is made down to what is called the ultimate atoms, the result is failure to determine what these are. The doctrine of ultimate atoms as material things is pretty much given up. Leibnitz substituted the theory of monads, metaphysical points. Modern science inclines to the theory that matter is force, and ultimate atoms thus become force points or force centres. Yet it seems a self-contradiction to say that a body occupying space is made up of any number of parts each one of which in itself does not occupy space. Is it not mere playing with words to say, for instance, that a line is made up of an infinite number of points? Can there be such a thing as an infinite number of points? And if there can be, and one point has no extension or length, can an infinite number of them have length or extension? We refer to these puzzling questions as introductory to the query, whether, after all, the material universe is not merely phenomenal, a shadowy projection of things unseen, without substantial reality, and therefore necessarily temporary and evanescent? By its being necessarily temporary and evanescent we mean its destination to pass away into nonentity, just as a shadow becomes nonexistent when the object which produces

it stands differently related to the light. It may be said this is Berkeley's idealism. We do not mean it in that sense. The idealism of philosophy deals with abstractions—abstractions in the spiritual world no less than in the natural or material world. In distinction from this we start with the spiritual world of revelation. This is the real and substantial universe of God which alone is abiding, as St. Paul declares: "the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are unseen are eternal." The material world then is as the externality or outerness (*pax verbo!*) of the spiritual world a condition for man's training for his home in the spiritual world.

This question, what is matter? bears on the subject of the glorification of matter, and also on the resurrection of the body. Not indeed, as touching the facts in the case, but the explanation of the facts. All good Christians who take the Bible for their guide believe that there will be a new heaven and a new earth, and that the saints in heaven will have new bodies in the resurrection state; but the question puzzles the mind, how the material world is to be transformed and glorified, and how these material bodies can appear in the spiritual world after they have crumbled to dust on earth. We speak of the glorification of matter, but do we attach any definite meaning, or even any meaning to the words?

The story is told of some one who, in the times when the Millerite fancy prevailed, told Emerson with some trepidation that the world was about to come to an end. "Glad of it," he replied, "we'll get along much better without it." There may have been a spirit of levity in this remark, which ought not to be approved when speaking of so solemn a subject, or it may have been, as most likely it was, the expression of a philosophic notion which makes the spiritual world a mere intellectual abstraction while it affects to despise material existence; but may we not put into it a true sense? When man is done with this world, can he not do without it? May not the material world and the material body be a mere shell or temporary sheathing for spiritual existence, which when it has served its educational purpose, may be just laid aside and fall away into nothing?

This does not imply, that the spiritual world is pure spirit, or that man, when he leaves the natural body, is entirely incorporeal. In the spiritual world, there are doubtless forms and limitations for the creature existences there, spiritual embodiments we may call them, corresponding to the visible, material existences here. The Scripture is full of such imagery of its descriptions of that world. It is a world, a country (fatherland), a city, many mansions in the Father's house, a paradise with flowing streams of the water of life, with fruit growing on its banks, etc. These images certainly point to real things in the spiritual world, of which the best conception we can form is, that they correspond to the things on earth, with which we are conversant in our present state. So, too, we may suppose that there is an inner man corresponding to the outer man, so that when man dies, he is not unclothed, but clothed upon, that he has a spiritual corporeity. God alone is Spirit. The creature has limitations and therefore embodiment.

Now why may we not suppose, that the material world simply falls away, and vanishes for those who enter the spiritual world, being no longer necessary to their existence, and that the natural body gives place to the spiritual body, already in process of preparation here, and to attain its perfection in the resurrection? In other words, that the quality of externality as to the world and man is lost, when he enters fully into the sphere of spiritual being. We have no illustrations for our thought, for we know nothing of it by experience, but it enables us to get rid of the perplexing question, what is to become of the external or material world, and of man's material body? It makes these to be simply a quality or mode of spiritual existence which disappears when we have received our education in it. What becomes of ice when it is melted? As a mode of existence of water it becomes nothing. It was, but is not. The spiritual alone, including spiritual corporeity, is substantial; the material as we know has no substantial character, but is only a modality

which ceases to exist when its purposes are subserved. Hence we need not be perplexed to know what is to be done with it. Our life compared to what it is in the spiritual world will be as a dream when one awaketh. If any one can better tell us what matter is we will be an anxious and ready learner. We much fear that the Huxley school will never be able to tell us.

### Selected.

#### UNIONISM AND LIBERALISM IN PRUSSIA.

"The State Church of Prussia, was organized in 1817, by the union of the Reformed and Lutheran Churches. As the two bodies had been sharply antagonistic and were divided by doctrinal views, the union was not a very cordial one and never has been. They still form separate parties in the Establishment, and would doubtless reorganize as the Lutheran and Reformed Church to-morrow if the union of Church and State should be broken to-day. They can scarcely be said to be united in anything except in opposition to Roman Catholicism. The government of the Church prior to the conflict between the State and the Church of Rome was substantially in the hands of the king. To strengthen Dr. Falk's hands in his successful administration of the famous May laws, and to give more emphasis to the position of the Government, as opposed to the demands of the Pope, it was thought necessary to remodel the constitution of the Church. For this purpose the king summoned a general Synod, which met and adopted, 1874, with few alterations, the royal draft of a new constitution. By its provisions the General Synod co-operates with the king in the government of the Church. The king can enact no new measures without its assent, and vice versa. The king is represented in the administration of Church affairs by a royal consistory in each of the six ecclesiastical provinces. The consistory is composed of two-thirds laymen and one-third clergymen. They were authorized to discuss the religious condition of their district and to levy church rates; but all questions affecting creed or liturgy were left to the consistories, which also confirmed the settlement of ministers. These concessions were not all the Liberals wanted; but they were obliged to be satisfied with them. They had, however, if they had chosen to use it, the opportunity to carry many of the elections to the new local councils; but, instead the great majority of laymen remained away from the polls, and the result was an Orthodox victory nearly everywhere. But in Berlin there was an exception to this rule. The Berlin Synod met and elected for its second chairman Herr Hossbach, whose election to the parish of St. James was the occasion of a protest from the orthodox party, because of his very liberal views; and, what was more important, proposed to ask the Consistory to abolish the Apostles' Creed. The Supreme Consistory thereupon informed the Synod that it had transgressed its prerogative in making the Liturgy and Creed the subject of discussion, at the same time reminding the Synod that it had culpably neglected to vote the necessary supplies of the Church. This message and the imperious language in which it was couched gave offence to the Synod. Soon after the president of the Supreme Consistory, Dr. Herrmann, resigned, probably on account of the complications which had arisen over the Hossbach affair. The case of Herr Hossbach is now before the Consistory. Shall the call which is made by a great majority of the parish be confirmed or rejected on the protest of the 900 orthodox members?—Independent.

A desire to love Christ springs from the love of Christ.

#### THE CAREER OF THE NEW POPE.

Giovacchino Pecci, Cardinal Bishop, Archbishop of Perugia, and Pontifical Camerlengo, who has been elected successor of Pius IX., under the title Leo XIII., is about completing his sixty-eighth year. He belongs to an old patrician family, and was born on the 2d of March, 1810, at Caprineto, near Anagni, about forty miles south-east of Rome. Four Popes before him were born in the immediate vicinity of his birthplace—Innocent III., Gregory IX., Alexander IV., and Boniface VIII.

In early life, he was in favor with Pope Gregory XVI., the immediate predecessor of Pius IX. He passed some time in the household of Gregory XVI., as a prelate and private referendary, and was employed by him as his Delegate, first at Benevento, then at Spoleto and Perugia, where he did good work in ridding some of these districts of the prevailing scourge of brigandage. Pecci was subsequently sent as Nuncio to Brussels, created Archbishop of Perugia, and was one of the candidates for whom Gregory XVI. reserved the honor of the purple when he died in 1846. This distinction was conferred upon him at the request of a Protestant, the late King Leopold I., of Belgium, who became a firm friend during his residence as Nuncio at the Belgian Court. Pecci remained, however, a Cardinal *in petto* in spite of the good offices of the King of the Belgians, who solicited the new Pope, Pius IX., to fulfil the benevolent intentions of his predecessor. Seven years elapsed before Pius IX. came to the resolution to do justice to the candidate of Gregory's choice, and this delay was owing to the ill-will of Cardinal Antonelli, who dreaded the influence of an able man over the Pope's mind. At last, on the 19th December, 1853, Pecci received the Hat, but for many years he was left in the cold at his See of Perugia, the Cardinal-Secretary of State standing in the way of any preferment which might bring a dreaded rival too near the Vatican.

Pecci's notable occasions, the *consecration* from Rome, in 1853; we are told, upon the death of Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Propaganda, an English prelate suggested Pecci to the Pope as a man competent to fill the vacant place. "Pecci," pleaded the Englishman, "is so learned a man and so good a Bishop." "Just so," broke in the Pope, "an excellent Bishop, and we will leave him to take care of his diocese." More recently another opening occurred. Upon the office of the Pro-Dataro becoming vacant by the death of Cardinal Vannicelli-Casoni, Pecci relied on his appointment, and, leaving Perugia, he took up his quarters in Rome in the Falconieri Palace; but he was again unsuccessful, the place being given to Cardinal Sacconi; and it was not until the death of Antonelli last year that Pecci at last obtained free access to Pius IX.

At the Consistory held on September 21, 1877, Pius IX. appointed Cardinal Pecci to the important position of Camerlengo, or Chamberlain, of the Sacred College. There were but rare instances, and none of recent date, of a Camerlengo—who is looked upon as a Pope-maker, and who exercises the whole authority of a Pope during an interregnum—ever obtaining the votes of the Sacred College on his own behalf. Soon after the death of Cardinal de Angelis, in July last, who held the office of Camerlengo at the time of his death, Pius IX. expressed a wish to fill the position by the appointment of Cardinal Pecci, as the Pope's death might invest the office with supreme importance at any moment. It was, however, understood that Pecci had declined the intended honor, pleading reasons which seem to have been satisfactory to His Holiness. Subsequently the Pope's choice was supposed to have fallen on Cardinal Panbianco, but objections arose on the part of this prelate also, inasmuch as it was well-known that he was not without hope of attaining the highest rank in the hierarchy at the next Papal election. The Pope, therefore, went back to his former choice, and overcame Pecci's resistance by that authority, which makes any decision of his, whether springing up spontaneously in his mind, or adopted at the suggestion of his secret wire-pullers, a law for all his subordinates, at least during his lifetime. Pecci thus became the Camerlengo,

leaving Panbianco's chances of the succession what they were, while apparently destroying his own.

As to the appearance, character, and probable policy of the new Pope, he is described as a thin man, with a cold expression of countenance, a fine habitual smile, almost ironical, and a mixture of pride and acuteness, with a very deliberate and somewhat abrupt style of address. They give him credit for a deep knowledge of the world and great dexterity in the management of its affairs. He is a man of blameless character, sincerely religious, well versed in Church matters, and of moderate opinions, although he has generally been classed as an Ultramontane. His moderation was shown, since the death of Pius IX., by his determined opposition to the proposition of Cardinal Manning and the other most extreme members of the Sacred College to hold the Conclave elsewhere than at Rome. There is every reason to suppose, from his past record, that the anomalous relations between the Papacy and the Italian Government will be speedily brought to a close, and that a policy of reconciliation between Church and State throughout the Catholic world will be adopted by Leo XIII.

#### ECCLIASTICAL VAGRANCY.

It is somewhat disagreeable, even decidedly so, to spend an entire Sunday in one's own room, at a hotel in a large city like New York, or to be shut up in one's hired house or "apartments," all the day long. It is much pleasanter, it is really very enjoyable, to spend two or three hours of a Lord's day in Winter, in a church well-warmed, with seats well-cushioned, and provided with foot-benches or hassocks of just the right height, and it reawakens sensations produced by week-day gayeties, to listen to the eloquence of a great preacher, and enjoy the efforts of some of the sweetest singers and most accomplished organists in the city. All things considered, a church is a very desirable place in which to while away a Sunday. It is, in fact, a place where it is more pleasant to go to church, than it is to stay at home. As it is proper not to show one's self in the city in Summer, so it is quite the thing, entirely *en regle*, to show one's self at church on Sunday.

A church is an admirable end, or at least interruption to a promenade, and church-going is a plausible reason for appearing on a fashionable street. It is quite delightful, when wearied with an unaccustomed walk, to glide into open doors, sink upon soft, inviting cushions, and for a while listen to prayer and hymn, and sermon, in place of the rapid conversation of a companion in a promenade. From these considerations and others like them, has sprung a sort of fashion or habit and custom, which is altogether to be deprecated, even condemned. Every Sunday witnesses the advent into many city churches, especially those which are rendered most attractive by the singing or the preaching, of a great throng of ecclesiastical vagrants, or, in the parlance of sextons, "rounders." So far as can be judged from their deportment and acts, they are led to the church's door not by a spirit of devotion, but by curiosity or by pleasure-seeking. There is little in their manner to indicate that they desire to acknowledge their allegiance to Almighty God, and certainly the niggardly sums which they give when the opportunity is afforded, are a sad makeshift for Christian giving and Christian sacrifice.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are not speaking of those who come to strange city churches, because they themselves are strangers, compelled by circumstances to spend one or two Sundays in a strange city, and who desire here, as they would at home, to frequent the Lord's house on the Lord's day.

We are speaking of the great mass of those who, during the long Winter, keep up the practice of going about from church to church, without acknowledging any responsibility resting upon themselves. They might be called religious "samplers." For they seem to feed on the "samples" of worship, which they get from various churches, exactly as some people are said to make up their daily food largely out of the samples of groceries, which they obtain from the shops, under pretext of contemplating purchases.

Looking at the subject in its lowest aspect only, but reminding our readers, that there are many other and higher considerations, these church-goers avail themselves of the most perfect and consummate services, without themselves contributing anything at all to the maintaining of these services.—Churchman.



## Family Reading.

## MY WORK.

BY MRS. M. P. HANDY.

I come to Thee, O Lord, for strength and patience  
To do Thy will.  
Help me, O Father, in this world of duty,  
My place to fill.  
I may not go and labor in Thy vineyard,  
Where through long hours,  
Brave men and patient women toil, and from Thy  
presses  
The red wine pours:  
My work at home lies with the olive branches,  
Thou'st planted there—  
To train them fitly for the heavenly garden,  
Needs all my care.  
I may not, in the woods and on the mountains,  
Seek Thy lost sheep,  
At home a little flock of lambkins,  
'Tis mine to keep.  
Thou givest us, Thy servants, each our life-work;  
No trumpet tone  
Shall tell the nations, in triumphant pealing,  
How mine was done.  
But 'twill be much if, when the task is ended,  
Through grace from Thee,  
I give Thee back unharmed the precious treasures  
Thou gavest me.

## HOME ADORNMENT.

Go where you will among people  
whom civilization has encircled,  
you will find an inherent love of home  
adornment. The gorgeously colored,  
gold-spangled saints that embellish  
the walls of the poorest Irish house, as  
well as the blue Daniel in the pink  
lion's den of our own homes, are uncul-  
tivated expressions of it. Nearly every  
farm-house that I have been in, keeps  
the most cheerful room religiously closed  
for a parlor. It is the tomb of all the  
pictures, books and little keepsakes that  
the family possess. Solemn spiders peer  
through the darkness at each hour.  
Flies shun the room. They prefer light  
and an occasional human lunch, neither  
of which can be obtained there. If Sal-  
lie bid fair to have a beau, this room is  
opened, swept, and highly polished; but  
no sooner has the vital spark fled than  
the curtains are lowered, and in time it  
gains an odor as savory as that of the  
Roman catacombs, and quite as healthy.  
The family live in the kitchen and pick-  
le themselves in the odors appertaining  
thereto. This room answers for both  
cooking and eating. It has very dark  
paint; for is there not a legend extant  
to the effect, that dark paint does not  
show dirt? It must be a good rule,  
working both ways, for does dark paint  
ever show that it has been cleaned? The  
wall paper has a sombre, venerable  
appearance, and is the scene of a  
fly-roost since the Deucalion flood. No  
pictures here. A young apothecary's  
shop and a turkey's wing adorn the  
high mantel. The different pieces of  
furniture in the bed-rooms are in nowise  
related to each other. The curtains are  
of green paper, very dark, adorned  
with red flowers and many rents. The  
wall paper is of a pancake pattern. No  
towel racks, comb cases, pretty little  
knickknacks that make a room look in-  
viting.

I hold that these things are vitally  
wrong. The best that we can afford is  
none too good for the use of those whom  
we love best. Use the parlor for a liv-  
ing room. You will feel amply repaid  
for the extra work. Hang the walls  
with tinted paper. White Holland  
curtains are inexpensive. Pretty lam-  
brequins are made of bright striped  
chintz, trimmed with fringe to match.  
No one doubts your marriage, and edu-  
cation should not be too deep to be ap-  
parent. Marriage certificates, graduate's  
diplomas, burial pieces and family re-  
cords are excellent to have for reference,  
but as wall ornaments, are as out of  
place as a hearse in a picnic excursion.  
Family portraits properly belong in  
bed-rooms. Good pictures are now pos-  
sible to very limited incomes. A few  
fine steel engravings, groups of statuary,  
that photography places within reach of  
all, a painting accurate in design and  
soft in finish, will feast the eye, and  
lend an air of refinement to your room  
that cheap daubs cannot give. Have a  
warm colored carpet, and instead of a  
hard sofa and six slipper, prim-backed  
chairs, buy easy cane-seated rockers;  
and when you can afford it, invest in a  
stuffed chair or two. A dainty vase,  
shell, curiosity or statuette does not cost  
a fortune.

Give the boys and girls a chance.  
Make them realize that you want them  
to help you make home pleasanter than  
any other place. They can make many  
both useful and ornamental articles. A  
couple of dollars will buy lumber de-  
signs and saws for a dozen brackets, or  
fancy shelves. A little help from father,  
a little judicious praise from mother,  
and mother's best vase may stand upon  
a bracket of Johnny's own make; and  
no king will be prouder than Johnny.  
Engage this irrepressible in getting up  
an aquarium and it will be a nimble

frog, penny-turtle, or polli-wig that can  
slip through his fingers. Give Sallie a  
little money for crochet needles, card  
board, canvas and pattern books. Her  
definite fingers will fashion curious and  
dainty objects to please the eye. Trans-  
fer pictures are cheap, and plain pottery  
adorned with medallion heads or moss-  
rose buds will be trebled in value.  
Plants are an addition to the cheerful  
aspect of a room, as well as to the cares  
of the keeper. Canaries furnish as  
much noise and music as a piano. They  
cost something for bird seed; but then  
they never have to be tuned.

Take all the good papers and maga-  
zines that you can afford to read  
them. Money given to the publisher  
is only a loan made by your body to  
your mind, and the interest is more than  
ten per cent. Let your kitchen be  
light, airy and pleasant, as well as clean.  
Allow as few unsightly objects as possi-  
ble. Light bedroom sets are quite  
cheap. Adorn each room as much as  
time and means will allow. Depend  
upon it your efforts will be appreciated  
and repaid in increased order and clean-  
liness.

"It takes money to do all this." Yes,  
some; but not as much as you suppose.  
It does take inclination, without which  
nothing of importance is accomplished.  
Generally a farmer holds the purse, and  
as his money is hard earned, it is easily  
kept. Little or none is allowed for  
nonsense, as he terms such things that  
are so much to a woman. This I believe  
is generally the wife's fault. She earns  
her board, clothes and considerably more.  
Were she to express a desire to have  
for her own spending money, the pro-  
ceeds of some part of the farm or stock,  
she would get it; not as a gift, but as  
her just due. With this she can make  
her home more cheerful and home-like.  
A place to eat, sleep and work hard can  
be had at the penitentiary; yet that  
institution is a home to no one. Very  
rarely do people go there from happy  
homes, rendered beautiful by loving  
hearts and willing hands. Remember  
this, wives, mothers and sisters. You  
have much power, and an account of  
your stewardship must some day be  
rendered.—*Farm and Fireside.*

## GOD'S LOVE.

Suppose a meadow in which a million  
daisies open their bosoms all at one time  
to the sun. On one of them, while it is  
yet a bud, a little stone has fallen. At  
once crushed and overshadowed, it still  
struggles bravely against all odds to ex-  
pand its petals like the rest. For many  
days this effort is continued without suc-  
cess. The tiny stone (a mighty rock to  
it) will not admit a single sunbeam. At  
length the flower-stalk, having gathered  
strength by its constant exertion, ac-  
quires force enough to overbalance the  
weight and toss the intruder off. Up  
springs the daisy with a bound; and in  
an instant another floweret is added to  
the vast multitude which in that meadow  
drink their fill of sunlight. The sun  
in the heaven is not incommoded by the  
additional demand. The new-comer  
receives into its open cup as many sun-  
beams as it would have received although  
no other flower had grown in all the  
meadow—in all the earth. Thus the  
sun, finite though it be, helps us to un-  
derstand the absolute infinitude of its  
Maker. When an immortal being, long  
crushed and turned away by a load of  
sin, at length through the power of a  
new spiritual life, throws off the burden,  
and opens with a bound to receive a  
Heavenly Father's love, the giver is not impoverished  
by the new demand upon his kindness.  
Although a thousand millions should  
arise and go to the Father, each would  
receive as much of that Father's love as  
if he alone of all fallen creatures had  
come back reconciled to God.—*William Arnot.*

## THE DEATH OF NERO.

Nero wandered out into the streets of  
Rome, knocked at the doors of friends;  
none would answer or let him in. He  
came back to his bedroom, called for  
Spicillus the gladiator to kill him,  
but Spicillus was gone. "What!" said  
he to Epaphroditus, his Secretary, who  
had now joined him, "have I neither  
friend nor foe?" and he rushed out again  
to throw himself into the Tiber; but his  
courage failing him, and his reason grow-  
ing clear once more in the face of appalling  
calamity, he wished for some quiet place  
where he might consider his strange and  
sudden position, and collect his thoughts  
for death. With his head muffled up,  
and covering his face with a handker-  
chief, dressed only in a tunic, with an  
old soiled cloak thrown over his  
shoulder, he trudged along barefoot in the  
gloom of the early twilight, accompanied  
by Phaon, Sporus, and Epaphroditus.  
As these four slunk out of the Nomen-  
tane Gate together like common wayfar-  
ing men, they could hear the soldiers in

the Praetorian camp on their right curs-  
ing Nero the beast, and hailing Galba as  
Father of his country. "They are in  
pursuit of Nero," said a man as he  
passed them. "Any news in the city  
about Nero?" asked another. There  
was no time to spare. They found him  
a broken-down horse, which he mounted,  
and they hurried on. At last they  
reached the villa of Phaon, lashed with  
thirst: the Emperor lapped up some  
water with his hands from a running  
tank, with the bitter jest, "This is  
Nero's distilled water." He crept quietly  
into the house on all-fours through a  
hole in the wall, and threw himself on  
the first mattress, prostrate with hunger,  
misery and fatigue. Then he ordered a  
grave to be dug before his eyes, for he  
refused to fly. He bade them to pave  
the pit with marble, and, weeping thea-  
trically he prepared, surrounded by his  
only remaining friends, to play his last  
act. "What an artist is now about to  
perish!" he exclaimed, but ere the words  
left his lips a despatch from Rome ar-  
rived, which he snatched out of Phaon's  
hands. He read it and shuddered. He  
had been condemned by the Senate to be  
beaten to death, and dragged by the  
heels, and flung into the Tiber. Seiz-  
ing two daggers, he felt their points.  
Greek verses occurred to him, and he  
began to recite. He begged Sporus to  
set up a wail for him—to kill him—to  
kill himself first. At this moment the  
tramping of horses and clash of armed  
men were heard below. He broke out  
in a verse from the *Iliad*: "The noise  
of swift heeled steeds assails my ear." In  
another moment he would be taken  
alive. "Come then, courage, man!" he  
cried, and feebly pushed the point of the  
dagger into his throat. But his nerve  
was gone, and Epaphroditus came to his  
help and pressed it home. The guards  
burst in and would have seized him.  
"Is this your fidelity?" he murmured,  
and expired, with staring eyes, to the  
terror of all who beheld him. It was  
his last pose, and, as the end of such a  
life, it could not have been outdone.  
"Is this your fidelity?" "He had  
never made a better comic hit," writes  
M. Renan. "Nero uttering a melan-  
choly plaint over the wickedness of the  
age, and the disappearance of good faith  
and virtue! Let us applaud! as the  
drama is ended and the curtain falls.  
Once in history, O Nature, with a  
thousand masks, thou hast had the wit  
to find an actor worthy of such a role."  
—*Good Words.*

## ATTRACTIVE HOMES.

There is beauty in beauty. It makes  
home after home exterior more respect-  
able, and our interior more cheerful,  
sweeter, and of social and domestic  
intercourse more refined. By all means  
plant something of grace to temper  
the rugged soundings of the front  
yard. Its silet though eloquent lan-  
guage will speak to the visitor or the  
passer-by a word of eulogy for you.  
The least flower or shrub will be some  
attraction; a curved path winding be-  
tween trees to be house, a mound of  
stones and shells, with the ivy trailing over  
them, the flowering shrub or the turf of  
fern, all such things are attractive, and  
form a pleasing object for the eye of even  
the most indifferent beholder.—*Rural Messenger.*

## MEDDLING.

There are some persons who seem pos-  
sessed with an insatiable desire to med-  
dle with things that do not concern them.  
They pry into other people's affairs, they  
are busy-bodies in other men's matters.  
Nothing within their reach escapes their  
meddlesome inspection.

On one of our railways as an immense  
train, divided into two or three sections,  
was moving rapidly along, suddenly the  
bell-rope was pulled; the engineer at  
once stopped the train; the conductor  
went through to see what was the mat-  
ter, but no one knew anything about it;  
the bell-rope had been slyly pulled by  
some meddlesome passenger. The train  
started again as quickly as possible, but  
before it was well under way, the sec-  
tion which followed it had overtaken it,  
crushed into the rear car, killing and  
wounding passengers, and clouding homes  
with life-long misery and sorrow, just  
because some one meddled with that  
which did not concern him. The pas-  
senger probably thought he had done a  
cunning thing; it was sport to him, it  
was death to the victims of his folly.  
Continual troubles arise from this med-  
dlesome disposition. Things are broken,  
damaged, destroyed, by meddlers who  
have no earthly reason for their conduct,  
but who simply meddle with that which  
does not concern them. One of the  
great commandments, which deserves a  
place in both law and gospel, is the com-  
mand to mind our own business. The  
spirit of this commandment is found in  
more than one place in the Holy Scrip-  
tures. It will be well for us if we give

heed to such instructions, and study to  
be quiet and do our own business, leaving  
alone things which do not concern us.  
We may thus avoid incalculable mis-  
chief, and spare ourselves the remorse  
which meddling brings.—*Christian.*

## MEMENTOES.

Down deep in the lowermost drawer,  
Away from the cold, careless gaze,  
They lie in a time-tinted cover—  
Mementoes of earlier days.  
There lies in that precious package  
A note; but the delicate hand  
That traced it hath long awayed a sceptre  
Afar off in Baulah's fair land.  
Beside it a lock, brightly silvered  
With time and the toils of the past,  
Is laid; but the Infinite bosom  
That weary head pillows at last.  
Another, of deep glossy blackness,  
Recalls a beloved mother's care.  
She went ere the dews of life's evening  
Had fallen, the kingdom to share.  
These others—ah! well, 'tis enough  
The ribbon all soiled to untie;  
Too bitter the griefs they awaken—  
Touch not—undisturbed let them lie.  
He only who fashioned so wisely  
The heart, can its secrets best keep;  
Then, wake not their sad, mournful echoes,  
But tenderly hush them to sleep.

## MILLIONS ON THE RAIL.

A few weeks ago, the Vienna Roths-  
childs were thrown into a pardonable  
state of anxiety. Several millions in  
solid gold were to be transferred to the  
Paris house, and as it was impossible to  
send it through the post-office, a practi-  
cal method out of the difficulty must be  
devised. Necessity being the mother of  
invention, there were many plans discus-  
ed in the private parlor of the banking  
house. To forward the bags of gold as  
freight was not to be thought of. To  
construct a special tube from Vienna to  
Paris, and deliver the bags by air-pro-  
pulsion was out of the question. At  
length it was resolved to send the mil-  
lions to Paris in charge of the private  
secretary of the house, a most trustwor-  
thy man.

But here a new difficulty presented  
itself. There was no fear of the secre-  
tary proving a defaulter, not the slightest  
doubt that his journey would be prompt-  
ly made. But what if the good man  
would be kidnapped on the way? What  
if the train should be hurled from the  
track by wreckers, imported from Amer-  
ica, and in the confusion the bags be  
lost? What if a collision occur, or a  
bridge fall in, or according to some pre-  
concerted plan the man be drugged in  
the car? Perhaps, too, during the long  
journey of two nights and one day, some-  
thing perfectly natural might happen to  
the man; he might catch the measles or  
the yellow fever. Who would guard  
the gold, then?

In order to provide for every emer-  
gency, Rothschild sent two deputies  
to guard the secretary, a special sleep-  
ing car was engaged from Vienna to  
Paris, and it was solemnly exacted of  
the three under no consideration to leave  
their traveling compartments during the  
journey. The sacks of gold were placed  
on the floor, and at night they slept and  
watched in turn. On the arrival of  
the train in Paris, the fact was tele-  
graphed to the Vienna house, whose  
chef could rest in peace now that his  
millions were safe. The whole story il-  
lustrates the old proverb: "Much coin,  
much care."—*Jewish Messenger.*

## "NOT IF IT WAS MY BOY."

Some years ago, the late Horace Mann,  
the eminent educator, delivered an ad-  
dress at the opening of some reformatory  
institution for boys, during which he re-  
marked that if only one boy was saved  
from ruin, it pays for all the cost and care  
and labor of establishing such an insti-  
tution as that. After the exercises had  
closed, in private conversation, a gentle-  
man rallied Mr. Mann upon his state-  
ment, and said to him:

"Did you not color that a little, when  
you said that all that expense and labor  
would be repaid if it only saved one boy?"  
"Not if it was my boy," was the so-  
lemn and convincing reply.

Ah! there is a wonderful value about  
"My boy." Other boys may be rude  
and rough; other boys may be reckless  
and wild; other boys may seem to re-  
quire more pains and labor than they  
ever will repay; other boys may be left  
to drift unrepaid for to the ruin which is  
so near at hand; but "my boy"—it  
were worth the toil of a life time and  
the lavish wealth of a world to save  
him from temporal and eternal ruin.  
We would go the world round to save  
him from peril, and would bless every  
hand that was stretched out to give him  
help or welcome. And yet every poor  
wandering, outcast, homeless man, is one  
whom some fond mother called "my boy."  
Every lost woman sunken in the depths  
of sin, was somebody's daughter, in her  
days of childish innocence. To-day  
somebody's son is a hungry outcast, some-  
body's daughter is a weary, helpless

## EVERY DAY.

Every day should be commenced with  
God. The busiest man in Jerusalem  
was wont to say, "In the morning will  
I direct my prayer to Thee and will look  
up." "I will sing aloud of Thy mercy  
in the morning." Daniel, too, saluted  
his God with prayer and praise at early  
dawn. We begin the day unwisely, and  
at great risk to ourselves, if we leave  
our chamber without a secret conference  
with our Almighty Friend. Every  
Christian, when he puts on his clothes,  
should also put on his spiritual armor.  
Before the day's march begins, he should  
gather up a portion of heavenly manna  
to feed the inner man. As the oriental  
traveler sets out for the sultry journey  
over the burning sands, by leading up  
his camel under the palm-tree's shade,  
and fills his water flagons from the crys-  
tal fountain which sparkles at its roots, so  
doth Christ's pilgrim draw his morning  
supplies from the exhaustless spring.

## Useful Hints and Recipes.

## A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

Spare no pains to carry this proverb  
into effect; there can be no such thing  
as a well-ordered household or a comfort-  
able home if it is not followed out.  
Nothing can show a greater want of  
management, thought, or carefulness,  
than things being out of place. In  
such a house nothing is ever to be found  
when wanted. The cookery is spoiled,  
because the seasonings are mislaid; one  
thing has to be used for another;  
and everything comes to hand except  
that which is required—a knife is used  
instead of a screw-driver, a fork for a  
corkscrew, the poker for a hammer, and  
towsels for dusters; nothing answers the  
purpose, and all are injured by being  
made to serve the ends for which they  
never were intended. All these evils,  
and what is still worse, the petty annoy-  
ance that they occasion, may be ended  
by having a place for everything, and  
keeping everything in its place.

TO BONE A TURKEY.—Cut down  
the skin through the centre of the back  
and raise the flesh carefully on either  
side with the point of a sharp knife  
until the sockets of the thighs and  
wings are reached; till a little practice  
has been used it will, perhaps, be better  
to bone these joints before proceeding  
further, but after they are once detached  
from it, the whole body may easily be  
separated from the flesh and taken out  
entire; only the neck-bones and merry-  
thought will then remain to be removed.  
There are two ways of preparing the bird;  
one by filling the legs and wings with forc-  
meat, and the body with livers of several  
fowls mixed with alternate layers of par-  
boiled tongue (freed from the rind), fine  
sausage meat or veal force meat, or thin  
slices of the nicest bacon, or ought else  
of good flavor that will give a marbled  
appearance to the fowl when carved, and  
then be sewed up and trussed as usual.

WASHING OIL-CLOTHS.—There is  
much complaint of the poor quality of  
oil-cloths of the present time. "Why!  
my mother's oil-cloths never lost color  
or wore out, but mine are so poor, and  
the color so bad that I am quite dis-  
couraged."

We imagine we see where the trouble  
lies in part, for we confess we do not  
think oil-cloths are as durable as those  
made fifteen or twenty years ago. In  
"olden times," whoever did the hard  
work, the mistress took good care that  
no soap, no hot water, or scrub brush  
was ever used on her oil-cloths, and she  
saw to it that when washed they were  
wiped perfectly dry. If soap or hot  
water is used, or if left wet, they soon  
crack and the paint peels off.

An Irish servant girl cannot imagine  
that she can clean an oil-cloth without a  
pail of strong, hot suds, and a good,  
stiff scrub brush. Then she puts to her  
work all the strength of a good, strong,  
healthy arm, and smiles with the great-  
est satisfaction at the result of her labors.  
No doubt for a few moments, till the  
cloth is dry, the colors stand out clearly,  
and the floor looks fresh and brilliant;  
but it takes but a few of such scrubbings  
to destroy the best oil-cloth ever made.

But take a pail of clean, soft, lukewarm  
water, a nice, soft piece of flannel, and  
wash your oil-cloths, wipe them very  
dry, so that no drop of water is left to  
soak in and rot the fabric, and you will  
have little cause to complain that they  
wear out so much faster than your  
mother's provided you select one of  
good make. After washing and drying,  
if a cloth is wrung out of a dish of skim  
milk and water, and the oil cloth is  
rubbed over with this and then again  
well dried, the freshness and lustre of  
the cloth, will well repay the extra la-  
bor.—*Christian Union.*



## Miscellaneous.

## THE METROPOLIS.

"Morning Papers! Two hundred lives lost!"

A bit of type, a newsboy's cry,  
A passing glance, perhaps a sigh  
At what is written there.  
A lashing storm, a coast of dread;  
A shipwreck and two hundred dead—  
The old, the young the fair.

The hopes of better days ahead,  
Of comfort's store, of warmth and bread  
For dear ones left on shore.  
A sinking ship, one thought alone  
Of orphan's tears, of widow's moan,  
One cry, and all is o'er.

A happy home, with tender ties,  
Awaiting 'neath Brazilian skies  
A welcome just ahead.  
An infant boy on mother's breast  
As white as gleam the breaker's crest  
That shroud the cold, cold dead.

The ships sail out, and ships sail in,  
And wealth goes out more wealth to win,  
And love to meet its own;  
But ships go down and cries go up,  
And wealth inverts her jeweled cup  
Above the dying moan.

A bending sky o'er rippling bay,  
A noble ship with banners gay,  
A voyage to sunny lands.  
A bit of type, a newsboy's cry—  
Two hundred soulless bodies lie  
On Carolina's sands.

—S. D. Richardson in Rochester Democrat

## "OLD MASTERS."

There is no department of art, the study of which is attended with so much difficulty and uncertainty as that relating to "old masters." The repetition of their own works by the artists themselves, the frequent omission of signatures and the copying of paintings by contemporary students, have, in the lapse of years, occasioned no little uncertainty as to the actual authorship of many a noble and admired work. Readers will recall the controversy respecting the Dresden and Darmstadt "Madonnas" of Holbein; the recent discovery that pictures in Italy, long supposed to be by Bellini, were painted by the Vivarini; the revelation that a "Raphael" in Florence is really a work of Del Piombo, and that the wonderful portrait of Morrett by Holbein was for years catalogued at Dresden as by Da Vinci. Examples might easily be multiplied. Visitors to Italy who compare their guide-books with Crowe and Cavalcaselle's later publications will realize how uncertain are the honors of many a noted palace-collection he visits. A great deal of complication arises from the constant copying for educational and mercantile purposes. Almost every country has been content, in the early stages of its art, to study old art and to invest in copies of well-known pictures. To admire what others have admired is naturally considered safe by inexperienced beginners. So in France formerly, in England later, and more recently in our own country, there has been a mercantile demand for "old art." No want exists long without a supply, and to meet the market there has been near every large gallery an equally large manufactory, and the world has been flooded with a vast quantity of uncertain canvases, spurious in baptism and false in reputation.

Years ago the fraudulent nature of such trade was realized in the Old World by artists, exposed by the press and limited in its operations by the advancing intelligence of the public. Years of study and labor have been given to the records and labor of artists and their works by the ablest men of Europe, and exact catalogues have been made of extant pictures of nearly every artist of note. In this country, however, we have everything to learn. Unfortunately we have little or no opportunity to study genuine "old masters," and are without a standard of comparison. Again, we are hampered with the impressions received early, from the quantities of poor copies which fill so many fine American houses, held by ignorant and innocent households to be undoubted originals. So the mass of "old art" which has been discarded abroad proves in America profitable merchandise and cheap enjoyment for weak dilettanteism and shallow connoisseurship.

There is, of course, no special objection to be made to the purchase of any picture which may satisfy the wishes, the tastes and the purse of the buyer. If he finds pleasure in copies gaudy with fresh paint, or dim with smoke and dust, he has an undoubted right to his possession, to his enjoyment, to his delusion even. For the student, however, who desires intelligently to inform himself upon art and to be able to discriminate between schools and masters of the past there is need of a word of caution. In behalf of this class, we protest against the too ready credulity of the public. It should be kept in mind that other countries have had their deluges of spurious

art, and have been compelled from time to time to repudiate much which once they accepted with entire faith. We must learn that the production of any great artist had its limit, and that if he lived a century ago, his life and times have been thoroughly studied by able scholars, and the number of his authentic works fixed with reasonable certainty. We shall then understand that if a new and uncatalogued claimant appears for the reputation and name of the master, the presumption is against its claims, and the burden of proof lies with its supporters. In this country the chances are a thousand to one against the possibility of its genuineness. It is common, we know, to hear of wonderful discoveries in attics, in shops, in auction rooms and old lofts. The finder may deceive himself, but he ought to have no blind following. "Titians" have never been common in New York, "Corregios" in Chicago, or "Rubenses" or "Vandykes" in Boston. All the genuine "old masters" in the country could be quickly counted, and the list would hardly cover a half sheet of note paper. When, therefore, "old masters" abound, when galleries claim them or collections seek recognition from their possession, their credentials ought to be demanded, their authenticity undergo the most searching tests.

A strong argument against the validity of such claims lies in the actual mercantile value of endorsed and accepted originals in Europe. It is in itself a complete embargo on their exportation. The catalogues of the great galleries, the records of sales at Christie's in London, and at the Hotel Druot in Paris, show the great and increasing value attached to them. In 1753 a German prince purchased the "Madonna di San Sisto" for 20,000 ducats. In 1852 the French Government paid for the "Immaculate Conception" of Murillo 615,300 francs. These well-known examples serve to illustrate as well as any that can be given. Investigation has not only largely reduced the number of originals, but has largely enhanced the value of those that hold their names. It would not be difficult to advance still other arguments and examples by way of caution, but this article is already longer than was intended.—Boston Transcript.

## VICTOR EMANUEL'S FUNERAL.

## IMPRESSIVE SCENE IN THE PANTHEON.

The funeral of the late King Victor Emanuel took place Thursday, and was very impressive. The body of the dead monarch was placed on the funeral car at 9 o'clock in the morning, and the procession started from the Quirinal about 10 o'clock. It was headed by fifteen military detachments, with their bands, and the clergy bearing tapers. The hearse at the funeral of King Charles Albert, of Sardinia, Victor Emanuel's father, was used on this occasion. It was surmounted by the Iron Crown, the ancient diadem of the Lombard kings, which was brought from Monza for the occasion. The car was preceded by Lieutenant-General Medici, the late King's first aid-de-camp, mounted, who bore the pikestaff sword sheathed. The car is surrounded by a guard of honor and the special representatives delegated by foreign courts. It was followed by Victor Emanuel's favorite horses, riderless; military banners and a guard of honor, eighteen detachments of civic dignitaries, the Ministers, Senators and Deputies, and the Knight of the Annunziata. This part of the procession was one mile long.—Besides this there were 2,700 deputations from all parts of Italy, numbering each from five to several hundreds. The entire procession, except General Medici, was on foot. From the Quirinal it moved by the Piazza di Spagna to the Piazza del Popolo, thence down the Corso nearly to the end, and thence to the Pantheon, where it arrived about 4 o'clock. The ecclesiastical service was confined to a simple abolution and benediction, pronounced by Monsignor Gori, Archbishop of the Chapter of the Church. The stone which is to be placed in the chapel destined for the King, is a simple slab, bearing the words: "Victor Emanuel, first king of Italy." It stood between the high altar and the altar of Saint Anastasius, the martyr, on the right as the Pantheon is entered. Over the gateway of the Pantheon was the following inscription: "Italy, with a mother's pride, with a daughter's grief, supplicates for the great King, who was a faithful citizen and triumphant soldier, the immortality of the righteous and the heroic." The procession was one hour and a half in passing a given point. The costumes in the official portion, including the soldiery, were magnificent, and the effect of the display was heightened by the display of seventy tattered banners. The Crown Prince of Germany, with representatives from Austria, Portugal, and Baden, walked abreast. The effect of the music in the procession was very impressive. The Pantheon

was splendidly decorated as a *chapel ardente*. Daylight was excluded by the Star of Italy veiling the roof. The side chapel of Clement XI. was walled in and draped with gold and crimson.

## GRASSHOPPER INSTINCT.

Professor Alfred Gray, secretary of the Kansas State board of agriculture, makes the following interesting statements in reference to the habits of the grasshopper:

"In mapping out the country in Kansas and Missouri, in which white eggs had been laid most thickly in 1876, I was struck with the fact, that the very counties in which the young insects had been most numerous and disastrous in 1875 were passed by or avoided, and had no eggs of any consequence laid in them in 1876. The fact was all the more obvious, because the insects did much damage to fall wheat, and laid eggs all around these counties, to the north, south and west. From the exhaustive report on the insect made by Professor Allen Whitman, it was also very obvious, that those portions of that State, which had been most thickly supplied with eggs in 1875, and most injured by the young insects in 1876, were the freest from eggs laid by the late swarms of the latter year, notwithstanding counties all around them were thickly supplied. I was at first inclined to look upon these facts as singular coincidences only, but instances have multiplied. A remarkable one has been furnished me by Governor A. Morris of the North-west Territory. You are well aware that in 1875, the locusts hatched out in immense numbers and utterly destroyed the crops in the province of Manitoba. Now, in 1876, they were very numerous over all the third prairie steppe of British America, and largely went to make up the Autumn swarms, that came into our own country a year ago. Governor Morris started late in July of 1876 from Winnipeg, northwest, to make a treaty with certain Indians, and during the first five or six days of August he encountered innumerable locust swarms all the way from the forks of the two main trails to Fort Ellice. The wind was blowing strong from the west all the time,—just the very direction to carry the insects straight over into Manitoba. The governor watched their movements with the greatest anxiety, fearing that the province would again be devastated as it had been the previous year. Yet during all the time he was passing through the immense swarms, they bore doggedly to the south and southeast, either tacking against the wind, or keeping to the ground when unable to do so. Nothing is more remarkable than the manner in which they persisted in refusing to be carried into Manitoba. A few were blown over, but did not alight, and the province seemed miraculously delivered. Professor Whitman tells me, again, that in settling the present year, the insects avoided those counties in Minnesota, in which they had hatched most numerous and done greatest injury, but selected such as had not suffered for some years past."

## CHINA AND OTHER WARE.

It was in the reign of William and Mary that old china came to the throne on which it has held sway ever since by the divine right of its own charm. The pleasant Queen Mary was a Stuart in spite of her virtues, and loved to see pleasant things about her, and the fantastic forms and rich colors of the Oriental porcelain had touched her fancy. She had solaced the term of her absence from England with its accumulation, and she brought a great quantity of it with her from the Hague where the taste for it was already formed, as every one knows, that is familiar with the Dutch articles of the day, whose fronts are often mere plastrons of porcelain, the access of the Dutch to the ports of the Orient having filled Holland with strange wares and strange fashions. Holland not only imported, but in her self imitated the Chinese wares, sometimes carrying out the imitation exactly to all the curiosity of its quaint design, and sometimes decorating the objects with the pencils of her best artists. The Queen procured other china also, wherever it was to be had, so that, as we are told, her collection was "wonderfully rich and plentiful." Parisian and Damascus cups, and fine glasses, such as the storied "Luck of Eden Hall," were not unfamiliar by that time in England, and there were several potteries producing fine results in France; but the beautiful Sevres, with all its exquisite colors—its *bleu du roi*, *rose du Barri*, *vert pre*, and *jonquille*—its embedded jewels and Watteau paintings—single plates of whose earlier and best manufacture now bring at auction sometimes as much as a thousand dollars, and a set of three jardinières recently selling for fifty thousand dollars—was not yet in existence; and neither

was Dresden, the Chelsea with its rich claret, nor the Capo di Monte with its shells and corals and figures in such high relief as to cast distinct shadows, nor many other fine chinias. Nevertheless, the Henri, Deux faience, decorated with masks and scutcheons and fine damascene work, with its rosy reliefs and dark yellow backgrounds, was all that could be wished; the Palissy ware had reached perfection in cups, platters, incense burners and possibly statuettes, having unrivaled brilliancy of enamel colors, in all its reptiles, shells, fruits and foliages; and there was almost unlimited choice among Italian wares, and gorgeous Luca della Robbia, the Castle Durante, the Fontana, the delightfully decorated Venetian majolicas, and countless others on which Raphael and his contemporaries had not disdained to lavish their designs. All this skilfully used, constituted no mean or frivolous ornament, the critics of the day to the contrary notwithstanding. Whether or not the Queen filled her place with china, jars, vases, idols, statuettes, pilgrim bottles, cups and plates and monsters, giving preference always to the Japanese and Chinese products—the egg shell, the sea green, the imperial ruby, the blue and white Nankin, the crackle—perhaps by reason of the remoteness which gives fictitious value, perhaps through the fascination of the hideousness of its gods and demons. "In a few years almost every great house in the Kingdom," says the historian who did not appreciate this sort of beauty, "contained a museum of these grotesque baubles."

## Selections.

None can be blessed from himself.

It is pride that fills the world with so much harshness and severity. We are as rigorous to offenders as if we had never offended.

A good name is like a precious ointment; it filleth all around about, and will not easily away, for the odors of ointments are more durable than those of flowers.—Tillotson.

Jehovah, Jesus our Shepherd, careth for His feeble as well as for His strong ones, with all the sympathies of our nature and all the power of deity.

If a true gentlewoman by birth, breeding, or education, engages in any work, however humble, she does not sink to its lowest level, but she raises it to herself, and it is thought better of for her very sake.

Good manners, as has been pithily said, are only the absence of selfishness. They are the doing to others as we would wish to be done unto. A thoughtfulness for the comfort of those about us, a pleasant smile, a kind word—these are the ingredients of which good manners are chiefly composed.

There are hours and minutes which memory brings  
Like blossoms of even to twine round the heart.  
And as time rushes by on the wings of his wings  
They may darken awhile, but they never depart.

O my God and Father, whose name is love,  
I confess and deplore my frequent mistaking  
Thy dealings with me. I did not see that they were all in love. Holy Father, morify my will and make it bow to Thine. Henceforth may Thy will be done in and by me. Amen!—W. Romain.

What is there we could desire should be in a Saviour that is not in Christ? What excellence is there wanting? What is there that is great or good; what is there that is venerable or wondrous; what is there that is adorable or endearing, or what could you think of that would be encouraging, that is not to be found in Christ?—J. Edwards.

My life's frail barge with an impetuous tide  
Is on this world's tempestuous ocean tost;  
For me, as for our second sire provide  
A saving ark, O Lord, or I am lost.

Or as Thy people (while proud Pharaoh's host  
Seas overwhelmed) thro' floods firm passage  
find,

A vessel weak me save—at too much cost  
Redeemed to be deprived of promised land.  
As erst to Peter, Lord, stretch forth Thine hand

On liquid floor when as his faith did faint;  
Let not betwixt me and Thy mercy stand  
That I a sinner vile—he lived a saint.  
Thy glory greater, greater is Thy praise  
Me, a dead Lazar, from sin's grave to raise.  
—Sir William Mure of Rowallan.

## Science and Art.

Sir Wm. Herschell attributed the spots on the sun to the emission of an aeriform fluid, not yet in combustion, which displaces the great luminous atmosphere, and which is afterwards itself to serve the purpose of supporting combustion. Hence, he supposed the appearance of copious spots to be indicative of the approach of warm seasons on the surface of the earth; and he attempted to maintain his opinion by historical evidence.

M. F. H. DeHaas, the eminent marine artist, has succeeded in producing in colors a wonderfully strong and expressive representation of the Rapids of Niagara. It was a daring experiment, but has proved successful in the highest degree. The painting covers a canvas of 37 inches by 67, and shows the Rapids as they start from the head of Goat Island and rush on to the rear of the Cataract House. One can see the wild force of the waters, and almost hear their wailing music. This picture is on exhibition for a short time at Goupil's, corner Twenty-second and Fifth avenue, N. Y. It will be sent to Paris and placed in the National Exposition there.

POWDER PAPER.—A substitute for gunpowder has been invented in England, called

"powder-paper." It is paper impregnated with a mixture of potassic chlorate, nitrate, prussiate, and chromate, powdered wood charcoal, and a little starch. The powder paper is rolled into the shape of a cartridge of any required length or diameter. The manufacture involves no danger, it is said; no explosion can take place except by way of contact with fire. The powder paper leaves no greasy residue on the inside of the gun; it also produces less smoke, gives a less violent recoil, and is less impaired by humidity than gunpowder. With equal charges, by weight, of gunpowder and powder paper, the penetrating power of the latter is five-sixteenths greater than that of the former.

RAPIDITY OF MODERN FIRING.—It is difficult, writes a war correspondent, to describe, as it is, indeed, almost impossible to understand, even on the spot, the marvelous rapidity of firing, and the enormous quantity of bullets that are whizzing in the air. Above the roll of musketry is heard the whistling, like a strong wind blowing through the trees. These are the showers of bullets that rain upon the ground anywhere within a radius of a mile and a half from the fight, and the oftener he hears this sound the more its significance becomes clear to him. It means that every man of the thousands engaged is firing several times a minute, more or less, as he fires at random or takes aim. The Turk, as is well known, does not take aim, but fires from the hip when in the fields, lays his rifle on the parapet when behind intrenchments, and depends more on the quantity of bullets he sends than on the direction of them. When this fact is borne in mind it will easily be understood why the proportion of dead and wounded is so great in every battle that has taken place.

## Personal.

Mr. Gladstone is expected to contribute an article entitled "The Coming Peace," to the forthcoming number of the "Nineteenth Century."

Doctor Seymour has been confirmed as Bishop of Springfield, Ill., by a canonical majority of the standing committees of the dioceses, and only needs the consent of the bishops in order to his consecration.

Worth, the Paris man milliner, is a tallish man, with a big, clever head, and very prominent forehead. His brown eyes are singularly shrewd in expression, and their seizure of detail is surprising—that is, for a man.

Robert Browning's translation of the Agamemnon of Æschylus will soon be published. It is very literal, the original being rendered almost word for word, and even the exact order of words, as far as possible, being preserved.

Mrs. Hayes has repudiated the traditionary system of issuing invitations to state dinners at the White House, and makes selections from the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Cabinet, Senators, and Representatives for the same day. The table presents a strange appearance to some of the older dignitaries, who have for years found when dining there six wine-glasses at their right, which were filled during the repast with as many kinds of wine. Now, cold water is the only beverage.

## Books and Periodicals.

LOSS AND GAIN, OR GREAT FORTUNES. By Mrs. A. A. K. Dunning, author of "The Minister's Wife," "Ralph Waring's Money," "Dr. Denwick's Medicine," etc. Pp. 326. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union, No. 1122 Chestnut St.

This is a beautifully illustrated book, with good teachings set forth in the form of a well written story.

The February number of THE COMPLETE PREACHER contains a number of good sermons which will awaken considerable interest. The contents are as follows: "Eternal Punishment," by Howard Crosby, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor of the University of New York; "Christ the Restorer," by Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.; "Is Life Worth Living?" by F. W. Farrar, Canon of Westminster; "The Resurrection an Essential Fact of the Gospel," by H. P. Liddon, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's; "A Word in Season to him that is weary," by Joseph Parker, D.D.; "Are there Few that be saved?" by F. W. Farrar, D.D. The Answer to Canon Farrar and Beecher by Dr. Crosby is a strong production, and should be universally read.

THE COMPLETE PREACHER is doing a good work in giving to the public in so convenient a shape the most powerful utterances of the Pulpits of America and of Europe. The bound volumes will form a rich treasury of the ripest thoughts of the age. Published by The Religious Newspaper Agency, 21 Barclay Street, New York. Price, single number, 25 cents; per year, \$2.00.

WIDE AWAKE for March, 1878. The March Wide AWAKE gives another delightful winter frontispiece. It is a genuine "snow-balling frolic," entitled "The Battle of the Three," from the dainty pencil of Mary A. Lathbury. It is supplemented by a charming poem by Mrs. Clara Doty Bates. A pretty school-story of child-life, "Maggie's Two Troubles," is from the pen of Campbell Wheaton. Another story, quite as good, by Lou Burney, is entitled "What Johnny Found." Appropriate to the late heavy snow-storm is "The Shovel Brigade."

Mrs. Whiton has a charming poem, "A Real Kingdom," Ellice Hoge another, "In Lumberland," illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey, while the most delightful one of all is "Grandpa's Story," by Wm. M. F. Round, also illustrated. The third "Misfortune" of "Little Miss Muslin," who borrows an umbrella, is also celebrated in verse, with humorous pictures.

The serials, "True Blue," which is a breezy story of the Northwest, by Mrs. Lucia Chase Bell, and "A General Misunderstanding," by Chas. R. Talbot, are interesting; the latter, we divine, is to give our boys some sound lessons.

One of the two "star articles" of the number is "The Story of the King," by Arthur Gilman, who tells the young folks just how much truth and history have to do with the existence of "King Arthur," older readers will be likely, also, to get some new ideas upon the subject; the other is the first of the English Literature papers," by Mrs. Lillie, and is entitled "The Days of Chaucer." Very interesting, and valuable for reference.

There are the usual "Prize Tangled Knots," the "Parlor Pastime," and the original music.

Only \$2.00 a year, free of postage. Edited by Ella Farman. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE. No. 1758.—February 23, 1878. Contents: A French Critic on Goethe, Quarterly Review; Within the Precincts, Advance Sheets; Natural Religion, Macmillan's Magazine; Macled of Dare, Advance Sheets; The Great Fourth Waterfall, Fraser's Magazine; An Oxford Lecture, Nineteenth Century; The Cruelty of Pecuniary Crime, Spectator; The Emotions Due to Christmas Bills, Spectator; Poetry: A Florentine Carnival Song of the Sixteenth Century; Sonnet; "Say not the Struggle Naught Availeth," Farewell. Published every Saturday by Little & Gay, Boston.



## The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D.D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D.D., }  
Rev. J. M. TITZEL, } Synodical Editors.  
Rev. E. E. HIGBEE, D.D., }

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts. For Terms, see first page.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1878.

## "MISTAKE IN OUR PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH."

"THE CREED."

The above is the caption of a most sensible article in the *Presbyterian*, which we quote in full just here, because we think it deserves the most prominent place we can give it:

"Why are we Presbyterians so afraid of the Creed? It is not heard in our churches, nor taught in our Sunday-schools. By common consent of our pastors and teachers it is carefully avoided; and yet it is recognized in our Confession of Faith, and is directed to be taught to all baptized children.

Probably it would be hard to find a man, woman, or child in our churches who does not know the Ten Commandments perfectly. But how many are there among us who can repeat the Creed? Very few. And the only wonder is, how did those few ever happen to learn it?

Try some time to introduce it into your Sunday-school class, if you have one, and you will be amused at the result. Your scholars will, most likely, tell you that 'they don't believe in the old Catholic Church at all.' The Superintendent will elevate his eyebrows, shrug his shoulders, and inquire, facetiously, 'Well, how about that Creed?'

Now what is the matter with the Creed?—the simple Apostles' Creed, we mean. It is orthodox, is it not? It is neither Episcopalian nor Roman Catholic, although both churches use it. The Dutch Reformed Church also uses it; and so do many of the Christian churches.

This precious old Creed should never be dropped. Why it is one of the old landmarks of the Christian Church. It is our belief. We should love it and cherish it—repeat it in church and teach it in Sunday-school.

The time has come when people must know what they believe. What an answer to doubts are the simple old words, 'I believe in God,' 'And in Jesus Christ,' and 'I believe in the Holy Ghost.'

We beseech our Presbyterian ministers, good men and true, to give us our Creed! Say it to us in church, for we need it. Teach it to us in Sunday-school, for the children need it!"

The significance of this article cannot well be over-estimated, and we hope the *Presbyterian* will stand by its guns. It opens with an admission that Presbyterians are afraid of the Creed, and it implies throughout that there is an inexcusable ignorance in regard to that Catholic symbol among those who pride themselves for their superior intelligence in religious matters. We can bear testimony on this point. Within the last two decades those who are looked upon as "well informed" have protested that the "Creed" was not found in any Presbyterian standard. One active and zealous lady, denounced it to us as a semi-Romish composition invented by the disturbed brain of Dr. John W. Nevin. There was no more use to argue with such a person, than with the newspapers that said twenty-five years ago that it was of no more significance than a "Christmas pie." At this hour too the repetition of the Apostles' Creed is used as an argument against the orthodoxy of our Church, and the prejudices of particular persons have been appealed to by proselyters, who are more ignorant, or else more fanatical than those whom they wish to influence. We ask the pastors of our Church, whether our observations in this regard are not confirmed by their own experiences?

We hope the article in the *Presbyterian* will be duly pondered by all its readers. It raises a question that was asked in our church long ago, and the answer then given to it excited suspicions and provoked opposition in the minds of those whose righteous souls are now exercised upon the same points. The religious

world moves. The issues involved in the general interests of Christianity force themselves upon the minds of those who once ignored them. Those who were in advance may be brought into disrepute for a while, but Catholic truth is mighty and will prevail.

Meanwhile we are not afraid that the Apostles' Creed will not come up from the waters under which it has been temporarily submerged. It is now in more universal use than the *Presbyterian* imagines. There may be no intelligent recognition of its significance, but it has been printed upon illuminated cards to adorn the windows of Publication Houses; and find place in Sunday-school rooms; and the Bethany Missions and denominational papers, have brought it into use. God grant that its repetition may never be a mere form, sanctioned by fashion rather than an expression of faith coming from the innermost recesses of the Christian's heart!

## ABLE MEN FOR MISSIONARIES.

The late Dr. Duff was distinguished not only for his great abilities but for the earnestness with which he consecrated them to Foreign Missions. It was the celebrated plea he made in 1836 for the gospel in India that gave him his fame as an orator. Previous to that time there seemed to be an idea prevailing that some men were too great to devote themselves to the work of Christ in heathen lands, or at least that those of marked character and talents could be better employed at home, and that persons of less ability would do just as well for the outfields of the nations. Dr. Duff combated public sentiment upon that point, and his wonderful success at Calcutta showed that his place of labor was not wrongly chosen.

While every thing depends upon the grace of God, which can crown the work of the humblest talents, it is perhaps a mistake under which the church still rests to suppose that men of the highest abilities should not be placed in missionary fields whether abroad or at home. It is just such points that call for the highest qualifications. Where the church is already established, and has the support of those imbued with the love of Christ, the preaching of the gospel should be comparatively easy. But in these places the best men are put often to cope with their brethren in the way of literary excellence, while any one is thought good enough for the advance lines upon the unconverted world. Yet the duties of missionaries involve the highest responsibilities, and no man's powers are too great to be devoted to them.

## COL. INGERSOLL'S LECTURE.

Robt. G. Ingersoll flashed before a Philadelphia audience last week. The light seemed visible enough in the darkness the orator tried to make by blotting the Sun of Righteousness from the heavens, but it was a phosphoric ray that told only of corruption. His infidelity is too daring and ribald, to do as much harm as the insidious naturalism, that seeks to divest God and His grace of all mystery and reduce every thing to scientific conditions. He takes what the good and the great of all ages have revered, and depended upon for eternal happiness, and as some one has said "twirls it upon a sword point" before his hearers. Judging from the reports it was as though he had gone upon the "Mount that burned" and reviled the Almighty, or approached the cross and spat upon the dying Redeemer. The Bible was virtually declared to be a lie.

Men who hold Mr. Ingersoll's sayings in utter detestation laughed at the scintillations of his wit, and admired his intellect, which the slightest fever may becloud or dethrone, leaving him in utter and hopeless gloom; and this only shows, how profanely familiar people have become with sacred things. But the lecturer will have but a slim following. There is no use to say that his infidelity is mitigated by the fact that he is a brilliant and genial man. It seems to us that a child would instinctively shun him, and happy will his own children be if they listen not to his counsels. He could not wonder if they should

turn against him, for if a correspondent of the *N. York Evangelist* is correct Mr. Ingersoll hates those who declare the truths which his own father preached.

By the way this correspondent accounts for Mr. Ingersoll's infidelity in a manner which if correct is worthy of consideration. He says: "Rev. John Ingersoll, the father of Robert, was a very successful revivalist and a conductor of protracted meetings in Central New York, between forty and fifty years ago. The special revival meetings of that day were attended with intense excitement, and not a few professed conversions proved to be only excitement, followed by backsliding and apostasy. Several of my acquaintance, who thus apostatized, became tenfold more the children of hell than they were before. They were not only unbelievers, but revilers and blasphemers. Indeed, I think I may say that a majority of professed infidels were once professed Christians, and because they had been deceived in themselves, they were bold to assume that others were deluded just as they had been. 'I do not know the early history of this 'Col. Ingersoll,' continues the correspondent, 'but if I were to give a guess, it would be that he was in his youth a 'convert' in some great religious excitement, but whose experience was a mere flash in the pan; that he never had the root of the matter in him; and that, waking up from his delusion, his self-conceit and vanity led him to go to the opposite extreme, and put himself forward as an apostle of infidelity and atheism.'"

## MR. COMSTOCK AND CROOKED ADVERTISEMENTS.

It appears that a paper called the *Truth Seeker*, has devoted a great deal of space in a recent issue to make Mr. Anthony Comstock appear inquisitorial and tyrannical, in looking after some of the advertisements that are helping the dealers in objectionable literature to drive their trade. But as the *Church Union* says, "There are few respectable newspapers that fail to cheer on the work of Mr. Comstock. The business practice of some of them, indeed, is not a little inconsistent with their avowed professions. They are not only the daily press, these vampires would find their access to the public narrowed almost to extinction. The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* hints that certain dailies in Chicago have been warned to exercise more caution in their advertising patronage. It is Mr. Comstock's province to kill off these venomous enemies of good, wherever found; that it is legitimate for him to follow their announcements in the public press, and put an end to the business practices whereby they deceive the unwary, and the careless youth. The trade of these soul-poisoners, always deadly to its patrons, must be made dangerous, and has become so to those who follow it."

There is nothing in which reform is more needed than in this very matter, and if Mr. Comstock succeeds in cleaning the Augean stables he will have the thanks of all good men. No paper will dare to defy public sentiment by continuing to announce anything once shown to be detrimental to sound morals. Quack medicines are bad enough, but they are not as bad as some publications that come in the garb of angels of light, and the religious journals above all others need to be more careful, for it is said that through these rather than the daily press that most of the evil is done.

In spite of all they can do conscientious Advertising Agents and editors are often deceived, but it is due to the right that they should show that all proper precautions have been taken against vile impositions. Those who announce their pure and legitimate business through the public prints have great interest in the matter, for if their advertisements are placed side by side with those of swindlers and vendors of obscene books, there will be a general distrust of anything that is said.

It is easy enough to say that parents and teachers should examine things and judge for themselves, but the presumption is that anything advertised in a re-

ligious paper at least is worthy of confidence; and besides, this advertising business has assumed such Protean shapes, that a detective, police and governmental interference are necessary to reduce it to decency.

## CONCERNING, KNOWING AND PROVING SPIRITUAL THINGS.

Spiritual things can only be spiritually discerned. It is not possible by syllogistic reasoning and by scientific analysis, no matter how carefully and thoroughly conducted, to find out God, or to demonstrate the truths of Revelation. "It is written, says St. Paul, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God has prepared for them that love Him.' Hence, the same apostle also declares, 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them.'"

If we would be assured of the things which pertain to God and the kingdom of heaven, we must live unto God. "If any man will do His will," says Jesus, "he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." Only as we submit ourselves to God, believe in His Son, and humbly seek to do His will, can we know the things which He has prepared for those who are His, and attain a certain knowledge of the truth of what is revealed in the Word of God. No amount of critical study of the Bible will enable us to penetrate rightly the meaning of its contents, unless we possess the Spirit of God and walk in the footsteps of our divine Master.

It is by walking acceptably before God that we shall also be best able to prove to unbelievers that the Gospel of Christ is, indeed, the "power of God unto salvation." If our lives do not really differ from theirs, if we have only a name to live but are in fact spiritually dead, we may argue never so well, yet our arguments will not at all be likely to convince them of their errors. But if we actually show more love for that which is good than do others, if our lives are more honest, upright and self-sacrificing than those of unbelievers, then they cannot but come to feel sooner or later that there must be something in our religion. For, however plausible arguments may be, facts are stubborn things, and when arrayed against them are sure finally to overthrow them.

In our times there seems to be a growing tendency among Christians to depend on arguments to prove the truth of Scripture and to imagine that merely by scholarly attainments and reasoning the cause of Christ is to be advanced. It was, however, not by their learning and arguments but by their lives, that the early Christians most deeply impressed the heathens around them and won them to Christ, and it is still by life more than by doctrine that the cause of Jesus is promoted. Moreover, it is not so much the open and avowed enemies of Christ, as His false friends, who do injury to His cause. The arguments of the former may be more than answered by a holy life, but the proofs of the latter are entirely stultified by their continual inconsistency and wickedness.

T.

## HAZING AT COLLEGES.

It was thought that the cowardly practice of hazing had been discontinued in our American Colleges; but it appears that it has been secretly carried on of late at Princeton to a degree that has surprised the faculty of that time-honored institution. In a late fray brought on by the inexcusable folly of members of the two lower classes, a young man named Atterbury was shot and seriously wounded. This has created great excitement, and the general impression is that it is a matter that justifies state interference. The prosecuting attorney of Mercer County, New Jersey, had at last accounts demanded of Dr. McCosh the names of those engaged in the affair, and he had refused to give them, alleging that the college is sufficient to exercise its own discipline and maintain its own authority. According to the newspapers a spirited conversation took place between the attorney and Dr. McCosh in

which the former told the latter that if he did not give him the names of the offending parties voluntarily, he would take him into court and compel him to give them. Dr. McCosh replied that he might take him before the court but he would not divulge the names. The case will be brought before the grand-jury at the next term, and what will be the end of it is yet to be seen.

Certain it is that the lovers of good order are going to see the cruel practice of hazing broken up, and if it cannot be done in one way, it will be done in another. In some of the European universities it is said that students may fight duels and be amenable only to the laws of the school of which they are members, but in this country if a person stabs or shoots another, he is not free from the grasp of the civil authorities simply because he belongs to a college. The sooner boys realize this the better it will be. The practice of hazing at best is characterized by the meanness that a big boy shows when he imposes on a little one, and it is unworthy of the candidates for a liberal education.

## THE GUARDIAN.

The March number of this monthly which was distributed last week, opens with a number of interesting paragraphs, relating to various topics. The editor contributes two articles, one on "The Ayrshire Plowman," a continuation of a biographical sketch of the poet Burns, and another on "Slavery in Pennsylvania." The reader is favored with two original poetical contributions, and the same number of choice selected poetical articles. The prose selections, on such topics as "Daniel Webster," "How a Funeral Hymn was Written," "Nothing but a Farmer," "The Arabs' Bismillah," are of a most excellent character. The Sunday School department, besides the Scripture Lessons for Sunday schools with the accompanying Comments, contains several brief articles relating to Sunday School work, which will be read with interest and profit.

The number is an excellent one, and must commend the work to favor, especially with the young as well as those engaged in Sunday School work.

Published by the Reformed Church Publication Board, 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia, at \$1.50 per year in advance.

F.

## Notes and Quotes.

The funeral of Pius IX. was made strictly private to avoid the necessity of either inviting the royal family of Italy, or incurring the popular odium of ignoring it.

Giovacchino Pecci, Arch-bishop of Perugia has been elected successor of Pius IX., and has taken the name of Leo XIII. Some account of him is given as of historical interest on our first page.

On Wednesday, the 20th inst., Rev. Dr. John W. Nevin celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birthday. In the evening there was a large reception of friends and neighbors at his residence near Lancaster. Those who have enjoyed his instructions and his fatherly care will be rejoiced to know that his health is good; and they will ever pray not only that his old age may continue to be serene, but that he may be crowned with the joy of all those who wait for the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Among the delectable means devised to keep up interest in a Sunday-school, we find the following description of a performance at Plymouth church Brooklyn. "A mimic elephant came upon the platform with a weighty head that was quite impressive, kicked gracefully when poked, and waved his tail with elephantine fervor when pleased. He danced a billowy waltz that sent the audience into fits of laughter." As this account is quoted from the *Plymouth Chimes*, it is perhaps not exaggerated.

The Sunday-school Times issued a Washington's birth-day number last



week. It is copy-righted, but gives notice that its exchanges may use the articles if due credit is given, by which it means as we suppose to have its enterprise properly acknowledged. The number is an interesting one. It contains letters from the President of the United States, the governors of the thirteen original states, and other men well known in religion and in literature bearing testimony to the character of the father of his country. This may be well enough occasionally, but in our opinion this special number of the *Times* does not represent its character as well as do its ordinary weekly issues. It has more of Washington and less of Christ in it than any number we have seen, and in this respect it does not get much above the plane of morality.

We have learned to think well of the S. S. *Times* though it has been very irregular in reaching our table for some months. Of late it has numbered among its contributors such men as Dr. Tayler Lewis, deceased, Dr. Howard Crosby and Dr. John Hall—men who have rescued it from the slipshod teachings into which undenominational papers are apt to fall. It has done much to point out improprieties in the way Sunday-schools are conducted especially in the matter of worship, and it has contained many valuable suggestions upon other points which we cannot now mention. We have frequently quoted from it and wished that it could be read now and then in connection with the lessons sent forth by our own church. But our commendation would rest upon the general character of the paper rather than on this pet number which, although very good in its way, falls short of its general design.

### Among the Exchanges.

The following from the *Interior* supports the view we expressed upon the general subject a few weeks ago:

The result of so much time and strength being given to public service is almost the total neglect of home instruction of children. The family circle may join in a pleasant conversation which will tax no one, over the Sunday school lesson. It is as easy to talk about that as to chat on any subject. But whether this occupies a short time at home on Sabbath or not, it should be made a subject of study at some time during the week, and the children be prepared for meeting their teachers. This would be done, no doubt, but for the fact that the fathers' and mothers' attention to religious subjects is engrossed by the many public services. The consequence is that the children of some of our best Christian families are growing up with no adequate instruction in the Bible. It is folly to suppose that the Sunday-school can make up this deficiency.

The same paper has these just remarks about people who "do not believe in creeds."

The most dogmatic people we know of, are those who are loudest in their denunciation of all doctrinal systems and authorized articles of belief. They talk and write, as if subscription to a church creed, and the holding of a settled religious faith were the greatest of all sins, a base surrender of personal independence and a pharisaic profession of empty dogmas. They tell us religion is a thing of the heart, and not of the intellect—a beautiful sentiment of tenderness and charity, not a doctrine of the schools and systems—something to be felt or done, not to be believed. They would object even to the Apostles' Creed, because each of its articles begins with *credo* (I believe). They would have us to repeat the Lord's Prayer without believing it to be Divine; for that would be a dogma; and to practice the precepts of the Decalogue without believing that it came from God on Mount Sinai, for that would be another terrible dogma.

The *Baptist Weekly* thus refers to the growing evils of "Worrying Away a Minister:"

We have been asked, with no reference to any particular case, but as a question of practical interest where disaffection may exist towards a pastor, "What steps are proper to take with a view to the dissolution of the pastoral relationship, when a change is felt to be desirable?" The question is a very delicate one, and prudence prompts us to treat it negatively rather than positively. It is a sad fact, that such cases as the question refers to generally reveal a lamentable want of Christian honor and courtesy. Very often a few murmurers conspire to spread disaffection, and secretly persist in their efforts to alienate the affections and confidence of other members of the church from the pastor, until an opposition is created too formidable for himself and his friends to resist, and, discovering this, there is no alternative left for him but to resign. In other cases, a small number of self-important men constitute themselves judges of the situation, and, in spite of the very general satisfaction of the church and congregation with the minister, make bold to express to him their conviction that "the best interests of the cause demand a change in the pastorate."

In not a few instances, estimating the fitness of a pastor from the income of the church, he falls under the ban of the trustees, who, from financial considerations, venture to suggest that his ministry is not a "success," and that they are not able "to raise the salary," and who, with refined cruelty, resort to "the starving-out process," and withhold their own contributions in order to make sure their own prophecies of disaster.

The same end is not infrequently attempted by absenteeism and a manifest indifference in the services of the church, all designed to advertise their disaffection, and dishearten the pastor by creating an atmosphere in which he will find it unpleasant, if not impossible, to exist.

By such means, and by many others, equally dishonorable, the attempt is often made to worry away a pastor, and when, through such devices, the end is accomplished, the consequences generally prove to be exceedingly detrimental. Such wrong-doing is almost sure to result in heart burnings and strifes that engender discords and entail reproach on the church, which it requires long years to remove.

The *Church Union* thus bears testimony against "Profane Doggerel:"

Well-meaning but unwise zealots often bring religion into discredit by their treatment of the Gospel. They are nothing unless sensational. Their method is the "high pressure, their style is grotesque, their language, slang." Here, for example, as a railway rhapsody, which, did it not bear a religious imprimatur, we might suppose to be a satire:

"Passengers are requested to inquire for Mt. Calvary Station."

"Hark! Hark! The train stands waiting now, Come all the world! Come sinner, all! Yes, there is room, obey the call, And book with Him who died for all."

"Come, passengers, O! why delay? Book through to glory now to-day; Free tickets stamped with Jesus' blood, Will land you on the throne of God."

Hiram, of Tarshish, sent peacocks and monkeys to the ancient Temple, and Paxton Hood well adds, "monkeys have often been contributed since." We need not wonder, then, that such flippant speech is often heard in regard to serious themes.

The same paper says:

Sunday funerals are very properly condemned by pastors. They are often put off to Sunday, as people are at leisure that day. The practice is wholly wrong. It quotes a recent writer as saying:

"Thus the services of the sanctuary are often interfered with. And some Christians, without thought, give their influence to this practice. Think of the time, and care, and work involved. The undertaker must do his work, the carriage drivers must do theirs, besides all the planning and work to prepare for the assembly at the house of death, involving much disturbance of mind, unfavorable, to say the least, to the best use of the Sabbath. Then there are many delays to consume time, for punctuality is a virtue little esteemed at funerals. Many who attend must be absent from the sanctuary; and often the funeral is appointed at such an hour that the minister who conducts the solemnities must disperse his congregation and wholly give up one of the regular services."

There is a general complaint of the craving for something new, as manifested in the running about to hear different preachers. The *Examiner* and *Chronicle* has this to say about it.

Its effects are often seen in the lowering of the standard of Christian duty, in a feeble sense of church obligations, in a general spirit of levity and don't care. The pastors, too, do not wholly escape the epidemic. The temptation for them to bid against one another for the admiration of the crowd, to make themselves the cynosure of all eyes, by proclaiming that they have something new to tell the world, is so strong, that it is no wonder many yield to it. The result is a sensational style of preaching, "taking topics announced in the daily press, elaborate reports of sermons in the same, crowded houses for a time, and then—obscurity."

The same paper speaking of "Church Pauperism" says:

So widespread and subtle is the desire to obtain something for nothing, that it is not to be wondered at if it has infected the Church. It is not an uncommon thing for churches that are unable to support a pastor to ask for aid from home mission boards and State conventions. It is still less uncommon for churches to ask the aid of brethren in paying off debts which, by self-sacrifice and determined effort, they might pay for themselves. Such churches are pauper churches. This may seem to be a harsh term, but the evil is on the increase, and there is no use of mincing matters. Let us call things by their right names. To call theft by a softer name is to encourage dishonesty; to call pauperism anything but pauperism is to stimulate its growth.

A case of this kind came to our knowledge about a year ago. A church built a house of worship, and, as usual, at the end found themselves encumbered by a debt. The church was not a very wealthy one, the times were hard, and the debt had to be paid. They gave "all that they could"—i. e., in plain English, all that they chose—and resolved to ask their brethren to give the rest, which amounted to several thousand dollars. The pastor was appointed beggar-in-chief, and went to the pastor of a wealthy church in the same association. "My brother," said the latter, "I will lay this case before my church, if you can assure me that your church have done all they can. Can you conscientiously say this?" He could not. He went back to his flock and said: "Brethren, we haven't done anything like our best yet, and I can't do any more begging until we have. I can't look men in the face, and tell them that this church is unable to pay this debt." The rebuke was effectual; the debt was paid in less than a month, and no other churches heard anything more about it.

The *Nashville Christian Advocate* has been asked whether the "probationary system," which has been abolished in the Southern Methodist Church should be renewed. It replies:

By no means. That system was not designed by Mr. Wesley for a Church, but for a Society—an *imperium in imperio*. Every probationer was supposed to be a member of the Church. He was baptized—he partook of the Lord's Supper—he attended all the other means of grace—and if he failed in these matters, he was not admitted into full connection. From the Acts of the Apostles, we learn that just as soon as a man repented of his sins, and accepted Jesus as the Messiah, and promised to lead a new life, he was received into the Church by baptism. There

was no delay—not of a single day—except in the case of Saul, who delayed three days, when Ananias said to him, "And now why tarriest thou? Arise, and be baptized." Acts 22:16. What is the use of six months' trial? Trial of what? Whether or not a man should be a Christian? Whether or not the Church should admit and retain in its fellowship a poor, penitent sinner, who wishes to be saved from his sins, and to use the means to secure that salvation? We have no heart to enter into any argument on this subject.

### AN INTERESTING ANNIVERSARY OCCASION.

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. J. O. Miller, in Trinity Reformed church in York, Pa., was recently observed. The following condensed account of the services is prepared from a fuller report of them, which appeared in "The Item," published in that place.

The services commenced on Friday evening, January the 18th. A social reunion of those who had been confirmed by Dr. Miller, during his pastorate of a quarter of a century, was held in the large lecture-room attached to the church, which was suitably decorated for the occasion. They themselves filled the room. Others who were present, occupied an adjacent room, which is used by the infant class, connected with the Sunday-school. Revs. W. F. P. Davis of Reading, Pa., J. C. Noss, of Westminster, Md., and Professor W. E. Krebs, recently of Lancaster, Pa., were present.

An address of welcome was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Miller. This was followed by the repetition of the Creed in unison by the congregation, and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Davis. Some remarks were then made by the Rev. Mr. Noss, in which he referred to the numerous holidays and anniversaries, now observed, which were unknown prior to the Advent of the Redeemer, and spoke of them as among the many blessings, which resulted from His Advent. Numerous letters, from different persons, expressing their interest in the occasion, and their regret at not being able to be present, were read.

A very neat tribute to Dr. Miller, was read by Professor G. W. Ruby, in which he referred to his fidelity in the work of the ministry, and the success which had attended his labors for the spiritual welfare of his people. A beautiful solo, entitled "Missions," was sung by Mr. C. H. Pentz. Professor Krebs, as the representative of the first class confirmed by Dr. Miller, at the commencement of his ministry, made a brief address. He was followed with some remarks by Mr. David P. Schultz of York, who was among the first confirmed by Dr. Miller, at the commencement of his pastorate in York. Some remarks were also made by Mr. T. M. Coulson, in which he referred to the mission work performed by Dr. Miller at different points in York county, besides attending to the duties of his pastorate.

A very neat address was then made by Captain Frank Geise, of York, at the close of which, he presented Dr. Miller with a beautiful gold watch, of the best American manufacture, with an appropriate inscription on it, and a purse containing half dollars of silver, in behalf of those confirmed by him, and as expressive of the affection cherished for him by all present. The recipient indulged in a brief reply, in which he returned thanks for the gift received, and expressed the fond hope, that both pastor and people might be even more watchful and prayerful in the future, than they have been in the past.

Dr. Miller presented the following statistics as embodying forth the results of his labors, during his pastorate of a quarter of a century: Received into the church 552 persons. Of these 178 were males and 374 females. Of those confirmed, the oldest was 93, and the youngest, 14. Two were over 90; four over 60; six over fifty, and ten between 40 and 50 years of age. He confirmed the largest class in 1876, numbering sixty-seven persons, and the smallest, numbering nine, in 1863.

At the conclusion of the services, the pastor, assisted by the deacons, distributed amongst the members handsome certificates of membership. The certificates presented to those confirmed in the old church, have an engraving on them representing the old church; and those presented to such as were confirmed in the new church, have on them an engraving representing the altar arrangements in the church. The services closed with the singing of a hymn, the Lord's Prayer, and the benediction.

The communion of the Lord's Supper was administered on Sunday morning. The pastor was assisted by the three ministerial brethren already named as present. The sermon was preached by Professor Krebs. The discourse is represented as having been simple in language, and full of deep, earnest thought, such as was very appropriate to the occasion. The communicants exceeded two hundred and eighty in number.

The Sunday services in the afternoon were largely attended. The children were addressed by the ministers present. A very fine silver cup, gold lined, was presented to the pastor by a class of seven little girls, taught by Miss Fannie Hartman.

In the evening, the anniversary sermon was preached by the pastor. The services were opened with an anthem by the choir. Prayer was then offered by Professor Krebs, in which he especially commended to the favor of God, both the pastor and congregation, who had been so signally blessed during the past quarter of a century. The sermon was based on Hebrews 10: 23, "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith." The historical portion of the sermon was divided into three epochs. During the first, the English and German portions of the church were engaged in profitless struggles about language, which eventually exhausted itself. The church was founded in 1742. Rev. Jacob Lischey was the first pastor. From that period until 1853, the congregation had fourteen pastors, only one of whom now survives. Dr. Miller's pastorate commenced January 1st, 1853. The German and English portions of the congregation separated in 1852.

From 1854 to 1865 formed the second epoch. It was a period of great struggling. Many obstacles had to be encountered and serious difficulties overcome. The congregation worshipped wherever it could find a resting-place, two years of the time in the Court House. The third epoch dates from 1865, and during it the congregation has greatly prospered. The present large and handsome church was dedicated October 21st, 1866, it receiving the name "Trinity Church." The church debt has been cancelled, and the congregation is making steady progress. In view of the expe-

rience of the past, the pastor endeavored to impress upon his hearers the importance of heeding the teachings of the text.

Of the six elders in office at the commencement of the pastorate, none are living. Of the six deacons, two survive, F. C. Polack and Levi Smuck; and of the five Trustees, W. A. Wilt is the only survivor, who still fills the same office.

At the close of the sermon, the pastor was presented with a purse containing silver, as a token of remembrance from those, who are members of his church, but were not confirmed by him. F.

### Church News.

#### OUR OWN CHURCH.

##### EASTERN SYNOD.

On February 16th and 17th a series of missionary meetings was held in Bethany church near Ephrata, Lancaster county, Pa., by the pastor, Rev. D. C. Tobias, who was assisted by Revs. D. W. Gerhard, and N. C. Schaeffer. With each meeting the audiences grew larger, and regret was expressed by many, that the services did not last longer. Such services ordered by Lancaster Classis throughout its territory, do much to awaken up in the people a missionary zeal, earnestness in church work, and liberality in making contributions to this cause. Similar meetings have been held in other portions of this charge.

By action of the West Susquehanna Classis the Centre Hall and Loofs congregation were severed from the Boalsburg charge, which necessitated the dissolution of the pastoral relations between the Rev. W. H. Groh and these congregations, whereupon the following resolutions were adopted—

*Resolved*, That we deeply regret that it becomes necessary for us to part with our beloved pastor who for a period of twenty years went in and out before us as shepherd of this flock, and that we deem the dissolution of these relations a great loss to our congregation.

*Resolved*, That we desire to give our expression of love and esteem for him and our confidence in him as a Christian man and devoted servant of the Great Head of the Church, as shown by his consistent deportment and successful ministry in our midst, having found him to be a good pastor, a kind friend and a Christian gentleman in all our intercourse, and that he carries with him our kindest regards and esteem.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the Ref. Church Messenger for publication and a copy to Rev. Groh as an expression of our esteem for him.

J. D. MURRAY,

Sect.

##### SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

Rev. J. Fuendeling has since his arrival in Stockton, California, received eight families into his church. The Sunday school has been largely increased, as also the pastor's salary promptly paid. A catechetical class is under instruction for confirmation at Easter or Pentecost. A new and promising mission has been started in a neighboring town. Bro. Fuendeling will soon inaugurate other mission enterprises, but to pay outlays in traveling expenses, etc., the Board will have to lend a little help in the execution of the proposed plan. The Stockton church is looking up. We need more money, more men and more hearty sympathy and prayer.

##### PITTSBURG SYNOD.

The *Advance Argus*, of Greenville, Pa., announces, that the Rev. C. R. Dieffenbacher, who has been pastor of the Reformed Church at that place for thirteen years, has tendered his resignation, to go into effect on the 1st of April next. He has received a call from the Greensburg portion of the charge, served for more than half a century by the Rev. Dr. N. P. Hacke, of which it is his purpose to accept. His people, the *Argus* states, accept his resignation with regret. His pastorate among them has been a success. At the last communion before he took charge of the congregation, the number of participants was less than twenty. They now average from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and seventy, and attendance on the services has also been unusually large. "His pastoral labors have been of a quiet, yet very effective character. The poor of the congregation have always found in him a friend and a helper. The congregation will be fortunate, if they succeed in filling his place with one equally as acceptable and efficient."

At a communion held in the St. John's English Church, of which the Rev. W. B. Sandoe, of Butler, Pa., is pastor, five persons were added to the Church. Three by confirmation, one of whom is the head of a family; one by certificate, and one by renewal of profession. At the same time also, four children were baptized. A series of religious services were held during the previous week, with which were connected Bible readings and catechetical Lectures.

At a late communion held in the Berlin Pa., charge, of which the Rev. S. R. Bridenbaugh is pastor, ten persons were added to the church, five by confirmation, and five by certificate.

Westmoreland Classis, at a special meeting held January 15th, attached Scottdale Mission to the Mt. Pleasant charge. Rev. S. Z. Beam has been elected pastor of the charge as now constituted. The design in this arrangement is to save missionary appropriation to Scottdale.

A new charge has been constituted of St. Pauls or Bridge congregation of the Mt. Pleasant charge, and Youngstown and Pleasant Unity of the Latrobe charge. This leaves Latrobe and Ligonier a weak charge, that will require about half the mission appropriation given formerly to Scottdale.

Rev. C. E. Dieffenbacher accepts a call to the First Greensburg charge, and will enter upon his duties here about the 1st of April. Brother Lady about the same time expects to move to Manor Station, to begin his labors in the Brush Creek charge. Brother Swander has been called to the Salem charge, but has not yet accepted the call, though he is serving them as supply.

##### EASTERN GERMAN SYNOD.

The Rev. C. Cast, lately of Baltimore, Md., has accepted a call from the Egg Harbor City, New Jersey charge, and was installed pastor of the charge on the 13th of February, by a committee of the German Philadelphia Classis, consisting of the Revs. Dr. N. Gehr, and J. G. Neuber. Though the charge has been for a long time vacant, the pastor enters upon his labors with a considerable degree of encouragement.

Rev. J. J. Roesch, lately of Buffalo, New York, has accepted a call from the church at Titusville, Pa.

##### WESTERN CHURCH.

It seems that in our notice of the donation visit made to the Rev. D. P. Lefevre by his people, published in our issue of the 6th instant, we erred in representing him as pastor of the Boulder charge, Iowa. The name of the charge he serves is "Pleasant Valley Mission, Iowa." A number of his people also kindly remembered him on the 7th of February. They came to his house in wagons, richly laden with such things as a missionary greatly needs in his family, and taking possession of his premises, had things their own way for some time. After mutually enjoying themselves, in various rational ways, they returned to their homes, with their wagons lightened of their burdens, and themselves laden with the thanks of the pastor and family, whom their visit made happy.

Thirteen persons were recently added to the Hawker Church, of the Mt. Zion charge, O., of which the Rev. Dr. D. Winters is pastor.

At a recent communion in the church at W. Alexandria, Ohio, of which the Rev. H. M. Herman is pastor, two persons were added to the Church on certificate from the Lutheran Church.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered on the 10th of February, in the church at Columbiana, Ohio, of which the Rev. J. M. Kendig is pastor. Twenty persons were added to the church, eighteen by confirmation, five of whom received adult baptism, and two by renewal of profession. Services were held every evening for some weeks previous with good results.

Two persons were recently added to the Jefferson congregation, of which the Rev. F. F. Christine, of Germano, Ohio, is pastor.

Rev. R. Gansen, recently of Rhine, Wisconsin, has accepted a call from the church at Huron, Ohio, and entered upon the duties of his new pastorate. The congregation is a mission station, and has for some time been supplied by the editor of the "*Kirchenzeitung*," at Cleveland, Ohio. Its future prospects, however, are quite encouraging.

The licentiate W. Kohler, was ordained to the work of the ministry on the 3d of February, and installed as pastor of the Zoar congregation at Carver, Minnesota.

### ALMANAC FOR 1878.

The English Almanac for 1878 is ready for distribution. It is a neat affair, and will be sold at the following rates.

12 Copies for	\$0.70
50 " " "	\$2.75
100 " " "	\$5.25
144 " " "	\$7.25

When sent by mail one cent per copy must be added for prepayment of postage. The charges for freight are to be paid by those to whom they are sent by express.

A single copy will be sent by mail on receipt of ten cents.

##### GERMAN ALMANAC.

We have received a supply of this Almanac, which we will sell at publisher's prices, namely, \$1.00 per dozen, postage prepaid when sent by mail. Ten cents per single copy, from which twenty-five per cent. will be deducted, when sent by Express, and more than one dozen are ordered. A sample copy sent by mail on receipt of twelve cents.

### Married.

In Linglestown, Dauphin Co., Penna., on the 12th of February, 1878, by the Rev. Samuel Kuhn, Mr. Edwin Byron Smith, to Miss Christie Hicks, both of Dauphin Co., Penna.

### Obituaries.

DIED—At Catauquas, Feb. 8th, Elizabeth Dreisbach, aged 85 years, 10 months and 24 days.

DIED—Drowned on the 7th inst. near Mt. Nebo, Lebanon county, Pa., Mr. John S. Spangler, son-in-law of the Rev. J. D. Zehring, of Codorus, York Co., in the 27th year of his age.

The exact manner of the sad accident, which terminated the earthly life of Mr. Spangler and left not only a widow and two children but a large number of relatives and friends to mourn his loss, is unknown. It is only known that in attempting to free a boat in Swatara Creek, he was unfortunate enough to get under the ice where his body was found fourteen hours afterwards.

Mr. Spangler had been an energetic and much beloved young man, and a regular communicant member of the Reformed church. On Sunday following the sad occurrence he was buried at Walmer's church, where he held his membership. The Rev. C. H. Mutchler, his pastor, preached a very appropriate sermon on the occasion from the words Is. 45: 15.

### LETTER LIST.

Ayer & Son, N. W. Albright, J. Boeckel, E. Bahl, J. J. Bowman, Rev J. C. Bietsch, Rev. A. Barnhart, P. S. Corman, W. H. Chidsey, Mrs H. R. Clapp, T. L. Callender, Rev S. Y. Dongler, Rev J. G. (2), Dechant, Rev G. B. Dotterer, Rev J. Dittmore, Rev D. N. Deatrick, W. W. Dieffenbacher, Rev C. B. Deshler, E. J. Eagle, Rev W. G. Eshbach, Rev E. R. Fackenthal, B. F. Fehman, Rev J. E. Feiser, P. E. Feidt, A. Fahnstock, B. F. Groh, Rev W. H. Greth M. A. Giagrich, D. E. Gerhard, Rev W. T. Hoffheins, Rev J. A. (2), Hartzell, Rev G. P. (2), Hassler, D. K. Heller, Rev A. J. Hostenstein, J. C. Hills, C. A. Hoskins, G. Hess, M. Hensel, Rev J. C. Hoffmeier, Rev H. W. Heyser, W. Imler, J. C. Johnston, Rev Dr. T. S. Kerchner, J. E. Kline, N. L. Keefer, F. U. Kendig, Rev J. M. Kehm, Rev J. Kunkel, G. Z. Kuhn, Rev S. Koser, Dr. H. G. Keim, R. Kremer, Rev Dr. F. W. Love, Rev J. W. Lichtenberger, J. H. Loos, Rev I. K. (2), Leberd, F. Long, Rev T. J. Ludy, Rev D. B. Moritz, C. A. Miller, W. B. McConnell, Rev J. McDaniel, Mrs C. Mayer, Rev L. J. Miller, D. Meyers, J. W. Nissley, J. J. Niece, M. C. Peeler, L. J. Pool, J. H. Rodenmayer, J. Rinker, Rev H. St. J. Reissler, S. W. Ripper, S. D. Roth, Rev H. W. Roath, Mrs S. A. Rupp, Rev W. (3), Rinker, S. Rhoads, J. D. S. Rheinsberg, M. D. Romich, Rev H. Snyder, Rev W. H. H. Schall, M. H. Siegel, Rev C. W. E. Swander, Rev J. J. Snyder, Rev N. Z. Stutzer, H. M. Schweitzer, Rev S. Schweitzer, T. Spangler, A. Swank, E. L. Schwartz, C. H. Snyder, N. Z. (2), Shriver, H. W. Schwencok, G. F. Schopp, D. Skyley, Rev N. H. Haas, I. E. J. Sereby, G. T. Timmyer, Dr. J. V. Trexler, Leisenring & Co. Van Benschoten, Rev W. B. Vorse, R. Whitmore, Rev A. J. Wilker, Prof. V. Walbert, G. F. Yearick, Rev Z. A. Zollinger & Bro.



## Youth's Department.

## CHILDHOOD'S PRAYERS.

If ever angels visit earth,  
And lend a listening ear,  
Methinks it is when children kneel  
In simple, trustful prayer,  
They lip the wishes of their hearts,  
In words their lips can frame,  
And never doubt but God will hear,  
And give them all they claim.  
They seem oblivious to the fact  
That elders linger near,  
Sometimes amused, sometimes o'erawed,  
But always glad to hear.  
'Twere well if we could imitate  
Their sweet simplicity,  
And only God, our Maker, fear  
Whene'er we bow the knee,  
Drop all our pharisaic pride;  
Humbly our guilt confess,  
And feel, as did the publican,  
Our own deep sinfulness.

M. T. B.

## THE GIANT AND THE MISSING CHILDREN.

## A FAIRY STORY.

Did our young readers ever hear the German story of the Giant and the Missing Children? It tells what happened a long time ago in a village among the mountains. One Summer there the children began to disappear one by one. It was certain that they were not kidnapped, and it was just as sure that they did not run away. The first that vanished was little Hans Stobbelt.

"Has anybody seen my Hans?" cried his granny, standing outside the door of her cottage. "I had just told him I wanted him to go to the miller's, and he has disappeared, somehow, all at once, without knowing what the errand is. Hans! where are you?" she shouted. "Why, he was here not half a minute ago!"

But none of the neighbors could tell anything of Hans. What is more, Hans did not reappear. The night passed, and he did not come; the next morning, nothing was to be seen of him. All the villagers were much excited, for, though Hans had not been a good boy, everybody was sorry at this having happened to him. While a group of them round about the grandmother were pitying her, a cry arose in one of the other cottages. Those who hurried there found Frau Hickelt standing near the hearth with her hands raised, gazing vacantly before her.

"My Gretchen is gone!" she said in a frightened voice. "I just bid her clean the hearth, and when I looked again she was not there. Where is she gone?" she asked, turning from one to another of them. They could only shake their heads. In fact, they thought Frau Hickelt had gone mad. But it was quite true that Gretchen was not to be found, though they looked everywhere for her, both indoors and out.

That day three other children vanished. On the next day five went. All the village was in alarm, that is, the elders were, for they tried to keep it from the children themselves. There was no certainty about any boy or girl in the place. The grown-up people had but to turn their backs, and he or she was gone in an instant.

At last a strange clew was got to the mystery. Little Augusta Hirsch vanished when her aunt, as well as her mother, was in the kitchen.

The aunt said: "I saw her go! At her mother's bidding she had just taken the broom to sweep behind the stove, when all at once she disappeared, just as she was speaking the words, 'I wish—' But she hadn't time to finish. I heard nothing more. She was gone like a flash!"

"That is very strange!" exclaimed Granny Stobbelt, who was one of the listeners. "Now you speak of it, the last words I heard my Hans say behind my back were, 'I wish—'"

"Those very words my Gretchen said!" cried Frau Hickelt.

Indeed, nearly everybody who had lost a child came forward, and each and all were able to confirm this. Two things could be made out—first, that the children only went when their elders had set them to do some task; second,

that in the act of vanishing, they all uttered the words, "I wish—" But in about a week's time the thing was carried yet a step farther.

"My Gustave is gone!" cried Wilhelm Neumark, appearing excitedly at the gate of his garden. "My ears are quick," he added, as the neighbors gathered around; "and I clearly heard all the words he said. I had bid him dig faster, and he answered, 'I wish there was no digging!'"

"Why, our Hans did not want to go to the miller's," Granny Stobbelt hastened to say.

"Nor," cried Frau Hickelt, "did my Gretchen like to dust up the hearth."

"It is so!" solemnly said Wilhelm Neumark. "They are taken away for being discontented at there being any work to do in life. They want it all play."

All the hearers grew more afraid on hearing this, and looked one at another. Scarcely a minute passed before a woman in the group said,

"What great shape is that I see upon the mountain yonder?"

Every head turned towards the Eagle Cliff, as it was called. It was a lofty rock some distance from the village, but looking right down the valley towards it. The distance was too great for things on the rock to be clearly made out, but the woman declared that she could see the figure of a giant sitting there. She said he was clothed in a mantle, half blown back by the wind, and that he wore a hood on his head. No sooner did she say this than several others saw it all. Then two or three voices cried out together.

"See, he is lifting his right arm and beckoning."

At that instant a cry sounded from one of the houses. They knew it meant that a child had vanished. While they were looking in amazement, the giant again raised his arm beckoningly. As he did so, there came a fresh cry—another child had been taken. The whole thing now was plain—the children disappeared whenever the giant, on hearing their complaining wishes, signalled for them.

The next morning his huge shape could be seen more distinctly sitting on the rock, and, whenever he beckoned, a child went. The white-haired Lutheran minister, just as the sun was setting, came in front of the crowd and said,

"Let us each to-night by our bedside pray that the children may be forgiven and restored to us."

This prayer was answered. Early the next morning, some who were watching raised a cry, saying that the children were coming back. In a long procession, the little people were seen winding down the valley. Their fathers and mothers and all the inhabitants ran to meet them. They were astonished to see how meek the returning children were.

"Oh, let us get back to our work in helping you," cried out a hubbub of boys' and girls' voices.

No sooner had they neared the houses than the boys rushed into the gardens, and, snatching up spades, began to dig; while the girls, darting into the dwellings, instantly were busy sweeping, dusting, and polishing.

The explanation they all gave was this: "While we were kept inside the mountain, we were not allowed to do anything at all, and, oh, it was so hard! The good giant said that we could not have play without work also."

All looked towards the rock, but the figure of the giant was no longer to be seen. The boys and girls were much the better for his visit.—*Churchman.*

## A LESSON OF GRATITUDE.

A gentleman once making inquiries in Russia about the method of catching bears in that country, was told that to entrap them, a pit was dug several feet deep, and after covering it over with turf, leaves, etc., some food was placed on the top. The bear, if tempted by the bait, easily fell into the snare.

"But," he added, "if four or five happen to get in together, they will all get out again."

"How is that?" asked the gentleman.

"They form a sort of ladder by stepping on each other's shoulders, and thus make their escape."

"But how does the bottom one get out?"

"Ah! these bears, though not possessing a mind and soul, such as God has given us, yet can feel gratitude: and they won't forget the one who has been the chief means of procuring their liberty. Scampering off, they fetch the branch of a tree, which they let down to their poor brother, enabling him to speedily join them in the freedom in which they rejoice."

Sensible bears, we would say, are a great deal better than some people that we hear about, who never help anybody but themselves.—*The Carrier Dove.*

## WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, mother," said little John; Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on, And he was off to the garden swing; And left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said Rosy Nell; "I love you better than tongue can tell." Then she teased and pouted full half the day, Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan; "To-day I'll help you all I can! How glad I am that school doesn't keep!" So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she fetched the broom, And swept the floor and tidied the room; Busy and happy all day was she, Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said— Three little children going to bed. How do you think that mother guessed Which of them really loved her best?

## CORAL REEFS.

A long way from here, in the South Sea, rises a narrow ridge out of the fathomless ocean. Cocoa-nut trees grow on the ridge, and little lizards creep here and there. Far and wide no coast nor land. Who can tell who built that ridge, and planted those trees in the boundless ocean? Ah, it is a strange story, as there are so many in Nature's book.

Hundreds of years ago little tiny industrious insects called corals lived there. They had many whims and fancies. They did not like to build in the midst of the surge, and they died when exposed to sun and air. After they had built some time they stopped, for they reached the surface of the water, and were afraid of sun and air. Then came an earthquake, of which there are so many in the South Sea, and the ground sank by degrees, and the corals commenced building again, and went on and on till a volcano convulsed the bottom of the sea, and the reef was raised over the surface of the water, and the tiny coral insects died.

The waves broke off bits of the reef, and the constant friction ground them into dust and sand. A wave carried a stray seed, and it took root in the sand and grew. Years passed, and one day a large wave washed an old trunk of a tree on the reef. When it had lain there a few days two little lizards crept out of it. They had traveled more than a thousand miles, and had had a very long sleep. They made their homes in the roots of the cocoa-nut trees that had grown, meanwhile, out of the seed.

Soon there were plenty of cocoa-nut trees and lizards on the reef; and this is the story of the trees and the little lizard.

## THE NORTH POLE.

It isn't fair for the old folks to be crowding about the chair, for the Professor often talks of things they probably know all about, and so they may think he's dull.

The Professors' Chair is for the young folks, and while it is pleasant to have every one come who wants to, no one must expect too many big words, for the children will scold, and they certainly have the first right.

Have you heard what the scientific men are going to do pretty soon in order to reach the North Pole? They are going to found a colony at some place as far north as they can conveniently reach, and then, being on the spot all the time, they can take advantage of any open water that warm weather may bring, and sail and sledge to the North Pole if they can. Then, too, they will probably

have some balloons with a steering apparatus which a Frenchman has just invented, and try the air as well as the land and water. The Professor thinks that great things may be expected from the use of balloons, though it will be fearfully cold traveling. You know how cold it is at the top of a mountain, even in our warm climates, and so you can imagine that when the mercury is fifty degrees below zero on the ground, the cold must be almost unendurable high up in the air in a balloon.

Do you remember much about the Arctic discoveries?

The Icelanders and Norwegians were the first Arctic explorers. It is now known that these Norwegians landed on the Massachusetts coast in the year 1000, but we will not think any the less of Mr. Columbus on that account. These Northmen, as they were called, were great fellows for sailing about for furs and fish, and the Professor thinks they did not care much for science and a Northwest passage. A long time afterward (about 1500) John and Sebastian Cabot and Christopher Columbus (not together, of course) set out to find a shorter passage to the Indies. The former ran against America, you know, and sailed away up the shore till the northern ice stopped them. What Columbus did you all know.

In 1607 came Henry Hudson, who was quite certain he had found a way through America when he discovered the river which bears his name. Hudson's Bay was also named for him.

In 1776 the celebrated Captain Cook tried his hand at it, but he did not get any further than latitude 70 deg., 45 min. Look on your maps for that.

Now we come to Sir John Franklin. There were many other attempts made of which the Professor hasn't spoken, for the English Parliament had offered a generous reward to the commander who should carry the first ship through the Northwest passage, and a great many men of whom you never heard tried hard to do it.

Everybody loved Sir John Franklin. After his first northern operation he was governor of Van Dieman's Land, and he made a kind and altogether splendid governor too. You have all heard of dear Lady Franklin, but she wasn't Sir John's first wife. Two years (1823) before his first northern journey he married Eleanor Porden. When the day for his departure arrived Eleanor lay dying of consumption, yet she would not allow Sir John to postpone the voyage. She died the day following the sailing expedition. So we mustn't forget brave Eleanor when we think of Sir John and Lady Franklin.

In 1845 Sir John sailed from England for the North Pole, and was never seen again. They sent many expeditions in search of him, but although they heard of his party from the Esquimaux, and found articles belonging to the unfortunate voyagers, no definite news was obtained. To discover some trace of her husband, Lady Franklin spent her fortune, and to the day of her death (last year), never ceased her efforts. The English government offered a reward of \$100,000 to any exploring party which should find the missing and bring them home.

At this time America comes into the field. In 1850 the "Advance" and "Rescue" (don't you remember those names?) under Lieutenant De Haven, were sent out by the United States government, although Mr. Hy. Grinnell of New York bore most of the cost. Dr. Kane was surgeon of this expedition, and three years later started out on his celebrated journey in the "Advance," no more celebrated, perhaps, than many others, but it seems so to us because we know his name so well. And, come to think of it, Dr. Kane's was in many respects, the most celebrated expedition ever made. Do you not remember his wonderful sledge journeys with the Esquimaux dogs, when his ship was frozen fast in the ice? He traveled miles and miles over ice hills and across stretches of open water until he saw a great open sea that stretched away toward the North Pole. Dr. Kane thought that this sea must always be open, for the region roundabout seemed to be

warmer than it was farther south. It even rained there, and so, when Dr. Kane came back and reported that he had discovered this open Polar Sea, every one thought that the North Pole must now be found. But when Dr. Hayes tried to find this open sea he couldn't do it. There was nothing but ice, ice, ice everywhere, and the weather so cold that if you washed your face, standing in front of a hot fire, the water would freeze on your hair before you had a chance to wipe it dry. Dr. Hayes says that Dr. Kane must have been mistaken, and we suppose that Dr. Kane would say that Dr. Hayes didn't go to the right place; so the question is an open one, whether the sea is or not.—*Christian Union.*

## A STORY OF TURNER'S BOYHOOD.

An anecdote has been preserved which gives the very starting-point of the boy's art life. One morning when "little Billy" was about six years old, the barber of Maiden Lane went to a certain Mr. Tompkinson's to dress that gentleman's hair. The boy was allowed to accompany his father on this occasion, and one can imagine him trotting along, grand with the responsibility of carrying the barber's scissors or curling-tongs. Mr. Tompkinson was a rich silversmith, whose house was filled with many objects of beauty. While the father was at work, frizzling the wig of his grand patron, the boy was placed on a chair, where he sat in silent awe, gazing with his great blue eyes at a huge silver salver on the table at his side, adorned with rampant lions. The barber's work finished, father and son again turn their faces toward the dusky little shop in the lane. The boy was silent and thoughtful all that day; he sat up stairs away from the confusion of the little shop below, brooding over a sheet of paper. At tea-time he appeared, triumphantly producing his sheet of paper, upon which was drawn a lion, a very good imitation of the one mounted on the salver at Mr. Tompkinson's. The little barber, unlike some parents whose children have given early indications of artistic talent, was beside himself with delight. His son's vocation was at once settled in his mind. Thenceforth when old customers, looking up from under the glittering razor, would mumble through obstructive lather, "Well, Turner, have you settled yet what William is to be?" the barber would smile proudly, rest the ready razor on a piece of thin brown paper, and reply, "It's all settled, Sir; William is going to be a painter." Two or three years later the door of the little barber's shop was ornamented by small water-color drawings hung around among the wigs and frizzes, ticketed at prices varying from one shilling to three. Some were copies or imitations of Paul Sandby, a fashionable drawing-master; others, original sketches made by Boy Turner, as he was then called. His great delight was to get outside of London into the fields, and, with pencil in hand, spend whole days trying to catch the exquisite effects of color and light and shade, which touched the young artist like a grand poem.—*Helen S. Conant, in Harper's.*

## Pleasantries.

The great difficulty in skating is to maintain unanimity among your feet.

"Augustus, my love, what are you thinking about so intently?" "Why, Aurelia, you know when we're married we shall be made one, and I am trying to make out which of us that one would be."

"Goin' to church this morning?" shouted Amos to his neighbor across the way. "No, sir." "Headache?" "No." "Children sick?" "No." "Got company?" "No." "What's the matter?" "Kimball!"—*Boston Transcript.*

Art has its votaries even amid the untaught children of the wilderness. A few days ago a savage Indian painted his own face, went into an emigrant wagon that was sketched, by himself, out on the prairie after dark, and drew a woman from under the canvas and sculptor.—*Hawkeyetern.*



A RICH POOR MAN.

An aged man was found sitting before the embers of a fire in an alms-house. He was very deaf, and every limb shook with palsy. Other afflictions, as well as deep poverty, pressed heavily upon him. "What are you now doing?" asked a friend who called upon him. "Waiting, sir." "And for what?" said the visitor. "For the coming of my Lord." "What makes you wish for His coming?" "Because, sir, I expect great things then. He has promised that when He shall appear, He will give a crown of righteousness to all who love Him." "On what foundation do you rest for such a glorious hope?" inquired the friend. The old man slowly put on his glasses, and opening his well-worn Bible, pointed to the words: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God" (Romans v. 1, 2.) Happy old man! poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith. Reader, what is your hope? and what the foundation on which it rests? If you have riches, and health, and every worldly delight, and are not "rich toward God," you are a poor man in the midst of all you possess. Or, if you are borne down by earthly cares and poverty, and it may be, also afflicted in body, and have no hope of a better life, through the merits of Christ, you are doubly poor, for you are poor for both worlds. Be it known unto you, whatever is your earthly condition, that the prospect of a crown of righteousness may be yours. Rich or poor, young or old, if you flee to Christ as your Saviour, and thus obtain pardon through His blood, you shall have a crown that fadeth not away, when the Lord shall come in His kingdom and glory. An interest in Christ is worth a million of worlds.

THE GREAT NEED OF TO-DAY.

NOT MORE LEARNING, BUT BETTER LIVING.

The greatest need of the Church to-day is, not more learning nor more eloquent and abler defenders, but more examples throughout its membership of living and consistent piety. One breath of the Spirit of God transforming the lives—the daily conduct—of a congregation, is better than any amount of logical reasoning severed from grace, or whole libraries of apologies and evidences. And yet the tendency to fall into merely formal and perfunctory professions and services is so inherent in human nature that it seems to be almost as ineradicable as it is useful. Multitudes of people among whom are to be found many distinguished names, have deceived themselves in seeking to purchase heaven by a punctilious repetition of prayers, and merely external conformity to the sacraments.

Thus, for example, Montmorency, the celebrated Constable of France, under the infamous reign of Charles IX., was a very bad Christian, although he was one of the most faithful of worshippers. He was a treacherous friend and a cruel persecutor, yet "he never failed," says his biographer, "in his devotions; for every morning he would repeat his paternosters, whether he was in the house or on horseback among his troops; which caused the saying 'Beware of the Constable's paternosters,' for while he was repeating them and muttering the creed, as occasion presented, he would cry, 'Go hang up such a man; tie this man to a tree; run that fellow through with your pikes, this instant; cut to pieces those vagabonds, who wish to hold you church against the king; burn me this village; and such sentences of justice or war he would utter without leaving off his paternosters, until he had quite finished them, thinking that to defer them to another time would be to commit a great error, so conscientious was he!" In the same spirit the Italian brigand on his way to robbery and murder, stops at the wayside shrine and devoutly crosses himself, while the Mohammedan is not prevented by his purpose to engage in some cut-throat enterprise, from invoking a blessing from Holy Allah as usual. To come nearer home, there is a great deal of official religion in the pulpit and pew on Sunday, while real religion does not so often appear in the ordinary relations of life on Monday and Tuesday. And because it does not appear the world is disappointed and shocked. And the world, in this respect, is right. It endorses God, who said to Saul: "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." Saul wanted to make an immense and costly display of worship, and so he spared, contrary to the Divine command, the sheep and oxen of the Amalekites in order to have an immense number of sacrifices. But God rejected his worship and took him from the

throne, thus administering a rebuke to all who, like him, cling to the forms, but depart from the essence and spirit of holiness. Christ meant His disciples to be exemplars of His grace and truth, and He said, "Ye are the light of the world;" and Paul addressing the Thessalonian believers, exclaims, in view of their good character and blameless faith, "Ye are our glory and joy."

Yes, here in the regenerated soul and consistent outward demeanor is the great and unanswerable argument for the divinity and blessedness of our religion. No words, however fair, no acts of formalism, however frequent, can take the place of that internal and absolute consecration which a heart-searching Redeemer requires of all who wish salvation for themselves and to carry it to others. The five wise virgins "took oil in their vessels with their lamps." By the lamp is meant the heart, by the oil divine truth and grace, and by the vessel the memory or mind in which the truth is laid up; that is whosoever wishes to meet Christ, the bridegroom, must keep his heart with all diligence, by nourishing it on inspired truth, with which the mind and memory is well stored; then he will go forth among men carrying light and will know just how to walk so as to be admitted into the kingdom at last. But the foolish virgins are those who undertake many religious exercises while they fail in heart-piety, or life-generating principles. It is a fearful thing to realize how many and wonderful forms of grace a man may practice and yet remain without the presence and spirit of saving grace himself. "Many will say to me in that day, 'Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name cast out devils, and in Thy name done many wonderful works?'" And then will I profess unto them, 'I never knew you; depart from me ye that work iniquity.'" No professed follower of Christ can afford to neglect the duty of self-examination. This duty, faithfully performed, will lead to that beautiful and symmetrical consistency of character which is at once the source of the greatest usefulness here, and the pledge of absolute safety hereafter.—*Christian at Work.*

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Lve. Harrisburg...	8:00	1:35	4:15	9:10
Arr. Carlisle.....		2:35	5:15	10:10
" Chambersburg.....	10:30	4:00	6:45	
" Hagerstown.....	11:30	5:00		P. M.
" Martinsburg.....	12:50	6:20		
DOWN TRAINS.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Martinsburg.....		7:00		2:00
" Hagerstown.....		8:15		3:15
" Chambersburg.....		9:30		4:30
" Harrisburg.....		10:55		5:55
Arr. Harrisburg.....		7:00	11:55	3:40
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

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